Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." Terms, $2 per year, in advance.

VOLUME XII. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1878. NUMBER 32.

1878. THE SECOND 1878.

ANNUAL EXPOSITION

Of the PITTSBURGH EXPOSITION SOCIETY

Will be opened at the Buildings, Allegheny City, September 3d, 1878, and continue until October 5th, every day and evening, Sundays excepted. The Board of Managers have spared neither time, talent or money to make this exhibit

THE MOST ATTRACTIVE THIS YEAR IN AMERICA.

A PERFECT REFLEX OF THE

ARTS, INDUSTRY, CULTURE, SCIENCES,

Of the centuries will be displayed with a prodigality never before attempted in that city. Under the supervision of the Pittsburgh Artists' Association arrangements have been completed by which the walls of the Gallery for Paintings will be

ENRICHED WITH THE CHOICEST GEMS OF ART,

Many of which have been procured for the occasion at an ENORMOUS EXPENSE. An illustration of the mechanical advancement of the period will consist of

New and Wonderful Machinery, Complicated Pieces of Labor-Saving Mechanism, Late Inventions, Manufactured Products, &c.,

In great profusion, exhibitors having already appropriated EVERY INCH OF AVAILABLE SPACE. Besides other general features too numerous for comment, the managers have secured the following

STARTLING ATTRACTIONS:

The eclipse rifleman of the world,

DR. W. F. CARVER,

Will give daily exhibitions of that matchless skill, which has made him a marvel of superhuman dexterity, shattering glass balls in the air, and hitting coins in flight when almost invisible to the ordinary observer.

The Great Automatic Wonder, or the German's Dream,

Another feature which will afford endless delight for old and young. This extraordinary work consists of forty moving and life like miniature figures, operated by the most delicate and intricate mechanism, to see which is in itself worth a considerable journey.

ELECTRIC ILLUMINATIONS.

Floral Hall which has been beautified with exquisite taste, revealing within its ample dimensions Cascades, Streams, Fountains, Lake, Ravine, with a superb collection of Tropical and indigenous flowers, will be lighted every evening by the great ILLUMINATOR OF THE FUTURE, which will elicit the profound attention of the public.

To the grounds and gardens surrounding the building, several acres have been added, and charmingly adorned with verdure and fountains. Here stands the

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC COMFORT,

Which under the management of a popular caterer, will supply any refreshments that may be desired.

EXCURSION RATES.

The managers of the various Rail Roads centering in Pittsburgh, appreciating the grand work of the Exposition Society, have made UNPRECEDENTED CONCESSIONS in the reduction of fares for excursions, the particulars of which will be hereafter announced.

☞A line of Omnibuses will run from the Union Depot to the Buildings. Fare, 10 cents.

General Admission to the Entire Exhibition..... 25 Cents.
Children less than twelve years of age..... 15 Cents.

FRED. A. PARKE, General Superintendent. *J. C. PATTERSON, Secretary and Business Manager.*

OFFICE--Germania Bank Buildings, Wood Street, Pittsburg, Pa.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BAYARD TAYLOR

Says: "I take great pleasure in recommending to parents the Academy of Mr. S. C. Shortlidge." Hon. Fernando Wood, a patron, says, "I cheerfully consent to the use of my name as reference. $70 per quarter full cost for young men and boys. No Extra Charges. Special attention to advanced and backward pupils. Recommended by Judge Van Hoesen, Rev. Drs. Hill and Peabody. Address SAMUEL C. SHORTLIDGE, (Harvard A. M.) Media, Pa. Media has seven churches and a temperance charter.

CHAMBERLAIN INSTITUTE, Randolph, Catt. Co., N. Y., on A. & G. W. R. R. Both sexes. Property $100,000. Well endowed, homelike, thorough. Graduating courses, music, general education. Expenses for 14 weeks, $50. $150 per year. No extras. Address Rev. J. T. EDWARDS, D. D. Fall term opens Aug 27.

AGENTS WANTED! Medals and Diplomas Awarded For Holman's NEW PICTORIAL BIBLES 2,000 Illustrations. Address for new circulars, A. J. HOLMAN & CO., 631 Arch Street, Phila'da.

PIANO Beautiful Sq. Grand Pianos, price $1,000, only $275. Magnificent Upright Pianos, price $1,000, only $275. Elegant Upright Pianos, price $300, only $175. Pianos, 7 octave, $125 7½ $135. New Styles. Organs $35. Organs, 2 stops, $47.50. Church Organs, 16 stops, price $150, only $115. Elegant ORGAN $275 Mirror Top Organs only $105. Beautiful Parlor Organ, price $340, only $95. Fraud Exposed, $500 reward. Read "Traps for the Unwary," and Newspaper Illustrated List of Pianos and Organs, sent FREE. Please address Dan'l F. Beatty, Washington, N. J.

SWEET Chewing JACKSON'S BEST NAVY Tobacco

Awarded highest prize at Centennial Exposition for "fine quality and excellence of leaf and lasting character of sweetening and flavoring." The best tobacco ever made. As our blue strip trade-mark is closely imitated on inferior goods, see that *Jackson's Best* is on every plug. Sold by all dealers. Send for sample, to C. A. Jackson & Co., Mfrs., burg, Va.

G. F. WARDLE, Phila., Pa., General Agents.

KINGS COUNTY REFINED SYRUPS

All Standards. No Off Grades. None Genuine unless branded with CROWN BURNT in head of the Barrel or Hogshead. VEHLER, JAYNE & CO. N. Y

$10. $20. $50. $100.

Invested judiciously in Stocks (Options or Privileges), is often doubled in 24 hours. Full particulars and Official Stock Exchange Reports free. Address T. POTTER WIGHT & CO., Bankers, 35 Wall street, New York.

50 MIXED CARDS, with name, by mail, 10 Cts. S. B. ARCHER, Troy, N. Y.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Estate of MICHAEL M'GUIRE, dec'd. Letters of administration on the estate of Mich'l McGuire, late of Allegheny township, Cambria county, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, who hereby give notice to all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

CATHARINE M'GUIRE, Adm'x.
JOHN E. SHIELDS, Adm'r.
August 9, 1878.-6t.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that Joseph Gantner and wife, of Carroll township, have made an assignment of their real and personal estate to Thomas Eger, in trust for the benefit of creditors. All persons, therefore, indebted to said estate will make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

THOMAS EGER,
Assignee of Joseph Gantner and Wife.
Carroll Twp., Aug. 2, 1878.-6t.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Estate of WM. J. PARRISH, dec'd. Letters of administration on the estate of Wm. J. Parrish, late of Washington township, Cambria county, dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

MARY PARRISH, Adm'x.
Cresson, Washington Twp. Aug. 9, 1878.-6t.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of MICHAEL WEAKLAND.

Whereas letters testamentary to the estate of Michael Weakland, late of Susquehanna township, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the estate of said decedent will make known the same without delay to

LEWIS J. BEARER, Executor.
Susquehanna Twp., Aug. 9, 1878.-6t *

F. A. SHOEMAKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg. Office on High street, east end of residence. [1 21,'76 -tf.]

THE FRIEND OF ALL!

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

These famous Pills PURIFY the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly, on the LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS, and BOWELS, giving TONE, ENERGY, and VIGOR to the whole system. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to FEMALES, Young or Old, and as a general FAMILY MEDICINE for the cure of most complaints they are unequalled.

IMPORTANT CAUTION.—None are genuine unless the signature of J. HAYDOCK, as agent for the United States, surrounds each box of Pills and Ointment. Boxes at 25 cts., 62 cts., and $1 each. For sale by LEMMON & MURRAY, Ebensburg, and by Druggists generally.

☞There is considerable saving by taking the larger sizes. HOLLOWAY & Co., New York.

A CURE FOR ALL!

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

Possessed of this REMEDY, Every Man may be his own Doctor. It may be rubbed into the System, so as to reach an Internal Complaint, by these means, it cures Sores or Ulcers in the THROAT, STOMACH, LIVER, SPINE, or other Parts. It is an infallible remedy for BAD LEGS, BAD BREASTS, Contracted or Stiff Joints, GOUT, RHEUMATISM, and all Skin Diseases.

IMPORTANT CAUTION.—None are genuine unless the signature of J. HAYDOCK, as agent for the United States, surrounds each box of Pills and Ointment. Boxes at 25 cts., 62 cts., and $1 each. Sold by LEMMON & MURRAY, Ebensburg, and by Druggists generally.

☞There is considerable saving by taking the larger sizes. HOLLOWAY & Co., New York.

Aug. 9, 1878.-1y.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

HAVING an ambition to pay my debts, I will sell as much of the following described real estate as will be necessary for the purpose, viz:

No. 1. A PIECE OR PARCEL OF IMPROVED LAND situate in the West Ward of the Borough of Ebensburg, containing 7¼ acres, having thereon erected a two story double Dwelling House.

No. 2. A SQUARE OF GROUND situate in the West Ward of the Borough of Ebensburg, bounded by Lloyd street, West street, Ogle street and Spruce alley, having thereon erected a double Frame Dwelling House and a Frame Stable.

No. 3. A LOT OF GROUND situate in the West Ward of the Borough of Ebensburg, fronting on Lloyd street, and adjoining the Foundry.

No. 4. A PIECE OF GROUND situate in the West Ward of the Borough of Ebensburg, bounded by the Turnpike, Lloyd street and West street, containing about one acre.

No. 5. A PIECE OR PARCEL OF IMPROVED LAND situate in Cambria township (near Ebensburg), bounded by the Clay Pike, land of Edward Owens and John Kirschner, containing 10 acres and 63 perches.

No. 6. A PIECE OR PARCEL OF UNIMPROVED LAND situate in Cambria township (at Beulah), bounded by the Beulah road, land of Joseph Wilman, Heirs of James and Geo. Mills, and others, containing 62 acres and 83 perches.

No. 7. A TRACT OF LAND situate in Blacklick township, known as the "John Gillan" farm, containing about 123 acres, having thereon erected a Stone Dwelling House and a Frame Barn. There is a coal bank opened on the premises.

Where the above property will admit of division, it will be sold in lots to suit purchasers,

WM. KITTELL.

Ebensburg, May 31, 1878.-tf.

FARMS AT PRIVATE SALE.—The undersigned offers at private sale the following properties, to wit: A tract of land in Snyder township, Blair county, 1¾ miles from East Tyrone, containing 188 acres, well improved, having thereon all the necessary farm buildings. This farm will be divided into two or three parts, if desired by purchasers, and if not sold before the the first of March next, it will then be rented.

Also, the farm on which I now reside, in Logan township, 3½ miles from Altoona. This property is in a high state of cultivation and has a splendid house, barn and other buildings thereon erected.

Also, a tract of improved land situated partly in Blair and Cambria counties, containing 278 acres. This tract is underlaid with coal of excellent quality, well covered with timber, and has a railroad built to it, ready for shipping coal.

These lands will be sold as a whole or divided, and on terms to suit purchasers, or will exchange for Altoona city property. For further information call on or address WM. DECKER.

Nov. 23, 1877.-1y. Box 869, Altoona.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that Adam J. Stoltz, of Carrolltown borough, has made to me a deed of voluntary assignment, in trust for the benefit of creditors and that I have accepted of the trust. All persons indebted to the said assignor are hereby notified to make immediate payment to me, and those having claims against him will present the same duly authenticated for payment without delay. JULIUS STICH.

Aug. 21, 1878.-6t. Assignee of Adam J. Stoltz.

SUMMER SONG.

Is any one sad in the world, I wonder?
Does any one weep on a day like this?
With the sun above, and the green earth under,
What is life but a dream of bliss?

With the sun and the skies and the birds above me,
Birds that sing as they wheel and fly,
With the winds to follow and say they love me,
Who could be lonely? Oh ho, not I!

Somebody said, in the street, this morning,
As I opened my window, to let in the light,
That the darkest day of the world was dawning.
But I looked, and the East was a gorgeous sight.

One who thinks that he knows about it
Tells me the earth is a vale of sin;
But I and the bees and birds all doubt it—
We think it a world worth living in.

Some one says that hearts are fickle;
That love is sorrow, that life is care;
And the reaper, Death, with shining sickle,
Gathers whatever is bright and fair.

I told the thrush and we laughed together,
Laughed till the woods were all a-ring;
And he said to me as he plumed each feather,
"Well, people must talk, if they cannot sing."

Up he flew, but his song remaining,
Rang like a bell in my heart all day,
And drowned the voices of such complaining,
That pipe like insects along the way.

O, world of light, and O, world of beauty,
Where are the pleasures so sweet as thine?
For life is love, and love is duty,
And what heart sorrows? Oh, ho! not mine.

—*Ella Wheeler, in the Inter-Ocean.*

AN INCIDENT OF FORT LIGONIER.

The following historical reminiscences of Old Fort Ligonier has been furnished us, says the Indiana *Messenger*, through the kindness of a friend. It is well to revive the incidents of the days gone by occasionally, and thinking this article will be of general interest we publish it. It is as follows:

Fort Ligonier was erected as early as 1758, and for many years afterward was the only military post between Carlisle and Fort Pitt. It was the home of the gallant the unfortunate St. Clair, and served as a depot for such military stores as were then essential for the protection of the settlements against the aborgines of the west and northwest, generally known as the "Six Nations." After the general treaty of peace between France, England and Spain, in 1762, the Indians became more pacific than they had previously been, and continued so until the following year, when they again renewed hostilities at various points along the frontier, and from certain indications the Commandant at Fort Pitt concluded that a general attack of the tribes inhabiting the country between the Alleghenies and the Lakes was meditated upon that post.

He therefore made a requisition on the Government for an additional force, and early in June, 1763, Colonel Bouquet, with 500 regulars, set out from Carlisle on their march toward Fort Pitt with a view to relieving its garrison. As the Indians had mostly withdrawn to the west of the Alleghenies, the troops had nothing to fear from them east of the great dividing ridge, but suffered much on account of bad roads and the difficulty of crossing the intervening streams, then altogether destitute of bridges. At and for quite a while previous to that period, Fort Ligonier was occupied by a company of forty men, under the command of Blaine, a gallant young officer who had been called to that post by Gen. St. Clair, and who was, in every way, worthy of the confidence reposed in him by his superior.

In the spring of 1763 several small parties of Indians, feigning great love and friendship for the settlers, visited the fort under various pretences, and were always treated kindly while they remained, and furnished with provisions when they departed. They were generally accompanied by a young warrior named Maidenfoot, a son of the celebrated chief, Cornstalk. It so happened on one of these occasional visits, that a Mr. M., with his wife and daughter, the latter a girl of eleven years of age, were also at the fort. Maidenfoot, who could speak English, soon found means to engage the young girl in conversation, and to his inquiry in regard to her place of residence was told that she resided with her father about a mile from the fort up the little valley. Having gained this information he sank into profound silence, nor did he speak to any one while he remained. When the party were about leaving he approached Miss M. and presented her with a string of beads, without, however, uttering a syllable, and then turned on his heel and strode away. The beads were highly prized both by the girl and her parents, more, perhaps, on account of their being an Indian's present, than from any intrinsic value they possessed, and were worn with girlish pride by the former, whenever she wished to "show off" to advantage. This continued for some time, until the novelty of the thing had worn off, and then the beads were laid by in an old chest drawer, and were not disturbed again and perhaps not thought of for several weeks. One day in July of the same year, Mrs. M. proposed to visit, in company with her daughter, the lady of a gentleman living a short distance on the opposite side of the Fort—and either by chance or from a desire to appear in "full dress," the young girl got hold of the mislaid beads and strung them around her neck. The two set out together early in the day and walked along leisurely, as the weather was warm and sultry. Arriving within several hundred yards of the Fort, they were suddenly arrested in their progress by two tall Indians who sprang out of the bushes into the path with uplifted tomahawks, which they kept brandishing over their heads, at the same time commanding them to keep silent if they wished to save their lives. Neither Mrs. M. or her daughter uttered a word, for they were too well acquainted with the Indian character to suppose that anything they could say would be of the least avail. Each was seized by an Indian, and led some distance in the direction they had come, when they were bid to sit down, and were then tied to a sapling with buffalo thongs, and in that condition left to the care of one of their captors, while the other hastily withdrew in the direction of the Fort—and a few moments afterward the report of at least fifty rifles broke upon their ears. The Indians, to the number of several hundred, had lain in ambush around the Fort, and had only been waiting a favorable opportunity to commence an attack upon it. But apprehending that the females whom they had captured might have been expected there, and that their non-arrival might cause Lieutenant Blaine to send out a scouting party, whereby their presence must necessarily be discovered, and their object defeated, they resolved upon immediate action, and made a furious onset in the expectation of being able to surprise the garrison and get possession of the fort. But they were stoutly met and successfully resisted. The battle raged for several hours, and while the two captive females were trembling with apprehension and fear, amid the din and glare of battle and yells of savages, Maidenfoot appeared before them. Miss M. immediately recognized him, and, pointing to the beads, was about to speak, when the young warrior motioned her to be silent. A few hasty words then passed between him and the guard, after which the latter withdrew, and started in the direction of the fort. Maidenfoot then in a low tone said, "you are safe," and cutting the cord, he motioned to the captives to follow him, while he plunged into the nearest thicket.—Obeying him, they ran at a rapid rate for some distance, and soon were hid in the thick forests, together, and, carefully avoiding the path, in a quarter of an hour they came in sight of Mr. M.'s dwelling.

In leaping the fence into her father's field Miss M. dropped a white handkerchief upon which had been worked her name with black silk thread. Maidenfoot picked it up, and carefully folding it, deposited it in his bullet pouch, remarking with a smile that he wished to retain it for his sister. He then left the two females, having first urged them to seek safety in the mountains at a place which he pointed out, assuring them, at the same time, that if further danger threatened, he would be with them in the course of the night, and that if they saw nothing more of him, they would be safe in returning home by noon of the following day.

Encouraged by these assurances, after thanking the young warrior for their deliverance, the females hastened to the house, and in a few minutes, accompanied by Mr. M., repaired to the designated spot in the mountain, where they remained till the afternoon of the next day, as directed, and then returned to their home, where they found all things as they had left them. Maidenfoot having placed the captives in safety, returned to the fort, where the assault was continued for several hours, in the course of which a few of the assailants were killed and a number wounded. The loss of the besieged consisted of three men killed. Finding all their efforts to carry the fort unavailing, the Indians finally withdrew about one o'clock in the afternoon, and having learned from their runners who came in early in the evening that Col. Boquet with his detachment would reach the Fort the next day, they hastily drew off in the night, without making any further effort to accomplish the object of their expedition.

Boquet reached the fort on the next day, as had been expected. He staid here eight or ten days to rest his men, and then resumed his march toward Fort Pitt, leaving his wagons at Ligonier, and carrying his baggage on pack horses. The Indians, still desirous of preventing him from relieving the garrison at Fort Pitt, had, in the meantime, concentrated their forces, amounting to about 1,200, at Bushy Run, where they attacked him on the 5th of August.

The battle lasted from 1 o'clock p. m. till dark, and a number had been killed and wounded on both sides. The darkness of the night put an end to the conflict for the time, but Boquet's men were compelled to sleep on their arms, and suffered much for the want of water, the springs in the vicinity being well guarded by the savages.

In the morning, a little before the break of day, Capt. Campbell was ordered to place himself in ambush with 100 men, in the rear of the Indian encampment, and immediately after daylight Boquet, with the main body, feigned a retreat. This manœuvre succeeded.

The Indians, on perceiving the troops retire from their position, made toward them in a confused mass, and as soon as they had arrived within musket shot Boquet ordered his men to face about and fire upon them. Captain Campbell in the meantime coming upon them in the rear, they were exposed to an enfilade on both sides. A few well directed volleys decided the battle, and the Indians fled in every direction, leaving the field in the quiet possession of the troops. Boquet was not further molested, and in two days reached Fort Pitt. The Indians having suffered severely in their recent expedition, abandoned their design upon that post, and returned to their homes. Their subsequent operations were confined mostly to the settlements on the borders of Pennsylvania and Virginia, where for several years they committed numerous depredations and murders, which led to the fitting out successively of the expeditions under Crawford, Harmer and St. Clair, all of which terminated disastrously to the troops engaged in them. At length the Government saw the necessity of sending out a strong force to put an end to the murderous incursions of the savages, which were becoming more and more frequent. This force was placed under the command of Gen. Wayne, with the result of whose operations the reader is no doubt already acquainted. The defeat which the Indians suffered at the "Fallen Timber" had the effect of preventing further attacks upon the settlements, and from this time forward peace and quietness reigned along the borders. At the time of which we are writing, Fort Washington, on the Ohio, was a frontier fortress, around which were opened out several farms, the owners of which, on any signs of danger from the Indians, would generally seek safety within its walls. The proprietor of one of these farms had been a Pennsylvanian, but was now dead, and the estate was held by an officer in the army, who had married his only daughter. The officer, whose name was Kearney, had the command of a company of infantry at the battle of the Fallen Timber, and contributed largely to the success of the day.

After the close of the battle he, in company with several other officers, was walking over the ground where such dreadful carnage had just been committed. On stepping upon a small hillock, the party were surprised to see an aged Indian, wearing a highly ornamented dress, sitting on a log a short distance beyond, and waving a white handkerchief with his hand. One of the officers, whose brother had been killed that day, on perceiving the Indian, leveled his gun at him, and was about to blow out his brains, when Capt. Kearney interfered, and stopped him from executing his design. They then walked leisurely toward the Indian, who continued all the while waving his white handkerchief. On nearing him they saw a rifle, tomahawk, scalping knife and belt were lying on the ground beside him, and looking him sternly in the face, Capt. Kearney demanded the cause of his being there in that situation. The Indian rising, addressed him as follows:

"Maidenfoot was once young; he hunted the elk and the deer on the great mountain; he accompanied the war parties of his tribe and proved himself a man; he tried to resist the onward march of the enemy, the pale face, toward the setting sun; he fought at Ligonier, at Bushy Run, at Sandusky, the Wabash, the Maumee; he came to the fallen timber and took his post on yonder hillock; his young men stood on his right and on his left, but when the pale faces came they fled like squaws; their bodies lie strewn round in the bushes, food for crows and buzzards. Maidenfoot is old and alone, but he is no coward; he stood his ground like a warrior, and has become a chief and has laid down the hatchet and will never lift it again; he wants peace, he wants rest, he desires to live in the wigwam of the pale face; here is a token of friendship (holding out the handkerchief); the innocent dove who once wore this emblem of peace may still be alive, and would not deny Maidenfoot the boon he now asks—life, peace, rest."

After the delivery of this harangue by the son of the forest, Capt. Kearney laid hold on the handkerchief, and to his surprise found on it the name of Mary M., the maiden name of his wife.

He had often heard her relate the incident of her rescue at Ligonier by a young warrior who had obtained from her a pocket handkerchief, bearing her name on its border. The young warrior, old and forsaken, stood here before him entreating his favor. Could he refuse to grant it? No! He took the old man with him to his home, where the unexpected meeting between him and Mrs. Kearney excited not a little interest.

Although the incident which led to their first acquaintance happened near a quarter of a century before, they immediately recognized each other, and both shed tears in profusion. Mrs. Kearney had carefully preserved the beads, which in early life she had received from Maidenfoot as a present, and which on one occasion had been the means of saving her from captivity and death. To Capt. Kearney's inquiry as to what had prompted him to bestow that present, and how he had managed for nearly thirty years to preserve the handkerchief obtained afterwards, Maidenfoot replied, that at the time he met Miss M. in the fort he had just lost a sister about her age, that the circumstance weighed so heavily upon him as to arouse all the finer feelings of his nature, and that under the influence of these feelings he resolved to adopt the pale face girl in his sister's stead, and to cherish her as such during life. The handkerchief he said he had carried in a leather belt, carefully wrapped up, and that every thirteenth moon from the time he received it he had opened it by way of commemorating the event which had placed it in his possession, as well as for the purpose of keeping him steadfast in the resolution he had then formed.

Capt. Kearney had the beads and handkerchief, which each in turn had been the means of saving the life of an individual, carefully preserved during the remainder of his life—and they are said to be still in the hands of one of his family. Maidenfoot, in accordance with his wishes, was taken into the family of Capt. Kearney, and no means were spared to render his situation comfortable and agreeable. He was generally cheerful and very soon acquired a knowledge of and applied himself to the arts of civilization.

But his constitution began to give way and he soon sunk under a lingering consumption. Capt. Kearney had cherished a high regard for him during his life, which he manifested after his death, by having him buried with military honors. In a small church-yard in the suburbs of Cincinnati, the ancient site of Fort Washington, the curious may see the plain marble slab which covers the remains of the noble-hearted Indian with the simple inscription, "In memory of Maidenfoot, an Indian chief of the eighteenth century, who died a civilian and a Christian."

ANOTHER FISH STORY.—The pleasing picture of the Iowa heorine, who had two pickerel under harness and was drawn by them up and down a pond in a beautiful little boat, was the sweetest fish story ever clipped with an exchange editor's shears. But who shall say that the ingenuity of the local chronicler has got to the end of its tether and devised the sweetest possible fish story? Here is the Whitehall *Times*, for instance, with a romance of the queen of the speckled beauties. A man has an artificial trout pond with at least 3,000 fish, each weighing from a half a pound to two pounds, more or less. He also has a little girl, five years old, who has succeeded in training the fish so that she can go to the edge of the pond and with a handful of crumbs feed them from her chubby hand.

They have learned to jump out of the water and snatch worms from her fingers, and they are extremely fond of their little mistress. One day she lost her balance and pitched headlong into the water where it was deep. She says that when she went "way down" she called lustily for help. Her cries quickly attracted her parents, and they were horrified at seeing the little girl floating upon the surface of the pond. The father rushed to the water and reached out for his pet, and as he raised her from the water a perfect solid mass of trout was found beneath her. These faithful subjects of the little queen, as she fell, quickly gathered beneath her and thus showed their love for their mistress by bearing up her body until aid arrived, thus preventing her from meeting a watery grave. 'Tis a beautiful tale, but the next file from the Far West may have another still lovelier.

As the nights are now getting cool we would suggest to some of our young men who had their hair cut short during the recent warm weather, that a cold may be prevented by taking the rubber off the head of an ordinary lead pencil and drawing it over the head before retiring. On some heads it may fit rather tightly, but by a little perseverance most of them can get the rubber down as far as the ears. This covering can be replaced on the pencil in the morning, and thus serve a double purpose.

A ST. LOUIS Sunday school boy gave his teacher this illustrated definition of "responsibility": "Boys have two buttons for their s'penders so's to keep their pants up. When one button comes off there is a good deal of responsibility placed on the other button."

AN ENGINEER'S STORY.

It was a sad scene. Around Tom's bed at the hospital was his wife and Tom's old father. Tom had a house of his own, but as the accident had happened at our end of the line, some 70 miles from Perrington, he had been taken at once to the hospital. I knew Tom quite well, for, as I was in the pay department, when I traveled occasionally on his section of the road it was mostly on Tom's engine. Tom was a matter-of-fact man, temperate, well educated for his station in life, and not given to whims.

It was touch and go with Tom, but at last, thanks to good nursing, he seemed to be coming slowly around. Though he might be crippled, still there were hopes that he would not lose his place. If, at the worst, he couldn't run his engine, he might find a berth in the company's repair shops, for he was a good all round mechanic. Tom was able to sit up, when I last saw him. For the first time he seemed chatty. His mind would, however, revert to the accident, in which some eight people had been killed outright, and some twenty-five wounded. A careful investigation had followed the accident, and as it was clearly proven that it was no fault of Tom's, I didn't see why he should mope so and seem to have trouble on his conscience. "Bunker," said Tom to me, "it's in my mind, and it will take years before that accident will be cleaned off of my brain. If—if I had only followed my inclinations, I never should have run 33. Eight killed and 25 wounded! I never thought of that before—that makes 33!" "Nonsense, Tom," I said; "what has 33 to do with it?" "No, it ain't nonsense. I felt she was growing vicious. She was but 18 months old, and had been running rather ugly, when six months ago she got to be as cruel as a tiger. She showed it to me, I ought to have known it—"

"Come, old man," I replied gently, interrupting him. "It's the stimulants that you have been taking, by the doctor's orders, and your nerves are unstrung. Take some of this calming medicine the doctor has left for you, and stop talking."

"I ain't a bit nervous, but am as cool as a cucumber, and my head is as clear as a bell. I ain't a bit shaky. Now just you listen. Thirty-three was built in a company's shop, and I had a hand in her construction. Just the day before we put steam in her there came an old fellow into the shop who claimed that we were infringing on an injector or feeder, or something of his invention. It wasn't any of our business in the shop, so, though we were civil, he didn't get much redress. He was a cussing us for thieves, and all that kind of thing, for stealing his patent, when the boss of the shop walked up, and hearing the chinning, ordered the old man out. It was Bob Harrington that hustled the old fellow out, under the boss' orders, of course. Just as the old fellow got to the door, and Bob was bouncing him, he turned round and wished that every one of us around that engine might meet our death. We thought him crazy. Well, 33 was put on the road, and Bill Given he ran her. She commenced right off killing stock. It was a cow or a horse that was smashed most every week. It was alleged that Bill was to blame, and he was discharged. Then Bill took to drinking, and went to the bad. Bub Harrington then got sick of shop work, and took his old place of engineer. Just then he married Sue Morris. I was at the wedding, seeing that Sue is a second cousin of my Jenny. Now, Bub had gone through the war, and wasn't skeery. This spring—it was in May—I met Bub at Hoppling Junction. Denny Keef was his helper, and 33 had a hot journal, or something was out of kelter, and Denny Keef was a cooling and oiling her. I was running 98, and was on the siding waiting for the through freight to pass. Says Bub to me, 'Tom, I ain't going to run 33 no more.' 'Why?' says I. 'Cause she's showing temper,' says he. 'How?' says I, laughingly; and remember I borrowed some cavendish from him.

"'Tom,' says he, 'engines is like humans. For a week past 33 has been showing spite.'

"'Mebbe she wants overhauling?' says I.

"'Nary a bit,' says Bub. 'She is just out of the shop. She makes steam kind of reckless, and wants watching. I have to keep my eyes on the steam gauge all the time. Sometimes, out of pure cussedness, she won't burn her coals, and all of a sudden you would think she wanted to melt out her grate-bars. She is always a getting something jammed or sprung, and heating on her bearings, no matter how you keep 'em filed. She is beginning to throw sparks and burning up things. Three days ago she set fire to an awning in a shop a full mile from her.'

"'Cool your head, Bub,' says I, 'at the next water tank.' Just then the freight train passed along, and I started my old engine, and we went lumbering along. How it happened I don't know, but the face of the old man in the shop who had cursed us appeared before me, That very night 33 killed poor Bub Harrington!"

"'Nonsense, man?' I exclaimed.

"'No; it is no nonsense. As Bub was crossing Sane's bridge, over Soldier's Creek, he put his head out of the cab window. Some of the hands had been working on the bridge, and had left a bit of scaffold, a piece of 4 by 6 square stuff, hanging over a truss. His head struck plumb against it, he tumbled out of the cab a dead man, and the tender cut him in two. That very next week 33 was shoved on me. I told Jenny I didn't want her, and Jenny she laughed at me. I was mighty careful of her. First thing she did, that was Monday, two weeks ago, was to play hob with a wedding party. There was three carriages in a file, and they were crossing the bridge at Stapleton, most 30 feet above the track. I stopped the exhanst to kill her snorting, and was sliding down grade, making no noise worth mentioning, when the horses in the first carriage got frightened and turned round, and last I see of 'em they was galloping down the hill.'

"'Stop, Tom, how do you know they were people going to a wedding?' I inquired skeptically.

"'Didn't I read about it next day in the Stapleton paper? I was kind of thankful that it was no worse. The man only had his collar-bone broken and a couple of ribs smashed, and the marriage had to be postponed. Next night she killed her first man. You know Mather Hollis?'

"'Yes, a half-witted lad.'

"'So they said he was, but he was a human being all the same. Never was known to have done such a thing before—and, poor fellow, he never will do it again. It was pitch dark, a raining, storming and thundering. I was keeping a sharp lookout as we came to Cross Hollow about 9 o'clock. How that boy was killed the Lord only knows. He was either half asleep or dazed. We never saw him—neither I nor Keef, the fireman, until he stood right up on the track before us. He might have got off but for his fish-pole. That was driven clean through him. I got down-hearted then. I felt that something dreadful was in store for me. One thing about 33 that was strange was that, from being a tidy engine, all of a sudden she got to be dirty, always splashing herself with oil and accumulating cinders. A week passed along without anything happening, only she kept burning more coal than she should, so that I was grumbled at for waste. Right off on starting she showed her spite on a little girl that had crept almost on the track. So help me heaven, I think the cursed beast of an engine toted children on the track. We just grazed that baby. Everything went contrary that morning. Denny Keef, who was a merry fellow, would keep a cracking jokes, but I couldn't laugh. First, there was a bother about a freight train that had broken an axle ahead of us. That kept us back. As Corley's the station master got orders for me to make up some 16 minutes I had lost, because there was an excursion train back of me, wanting to be on time for a rowing match as was to take place on Lilly Lake. Well, I let her have it, and she just took the bone in her teeth, and kind of shrieked and howled, her whistle keeping a moaning. Every now and then I had my hand on the throttle to be certain of her. It hadn't been raining for some days, and I knew no sleepers could be loose, and that there were no washaways. But I had a kind of presentiment. I seen the face, of the old man and Bub Harrington. Poor Bub was before me when——. All I remember was seeing poor Denny Keef mangled by my side. I could hear—my God!—his bones crunch! All I knew after that was that I was in bed here, with poor Jenny a-crying over me. They say it was a broken rail. Now, in freezing weather a rail can break but in summer mostly never. It was 33 that had made up her mind to go a killing. The only thing I am glad about is that 33 has gone to hell. When Mr. Malcomb, that's the boss of our repair shop, came to see me this morning, (he's been mighty kind, his wife a-sending me jellies and soups,) he asked me if I had no inquiries to make about 33.

"'33,' said he, 'is ground up into fine bits. Just a lot of smashed up, tangled and battered iron. Her bed-frame even is cracked.'

"'Only fit for the scrap pile?' I asked.

"'That's where most of her is now?' said Mr. Malcomb.

"'Thank God for that!' says I; 'for a more murderous engine the hand of man never turned out. She was accursed before she started.'

Poor Tom had a bad relapse which ended in brain fever which set in that night. Poor Jennie is a widow now. Tom raved about 33 until exhaustion came, when he passed away.

As it was easy for me to have access to the machinery account and accident book of the road, I did look up the history of 33, and am forced to say that poor Tom Massey's story, as far as related to that particular engine, was true to the letter. Have, then, machines certain idiosyncrasies?

THE LUCK OF ODD CHANGE.

A correspondent of the St. Paul (Minn.) *Pioneer Press* gives an interesting incident in the life of a self-made man of that State. The son of the subject of this sketch, Hon. N. H. Van Vorhes, has been a member of Congress from the Fifteenth (now Thirteenth) Ohio district, and was nominated a few days ago by the Republicans for a third term. The writer says:

At Stillwater, in this State, lives Abraham Van Vorhes, the most striking example of a self-made man in Minnesota. He is a native of Washington county, Pennsylvania, where he was born in 1793, and is now eighty-five years old. He never went to school but eighteen months in his life. At fifteen years of age he had not mastered Dillworth's spelling book and stumbled badly among words of two syllables and upward. About that period he sold several loads of wheat for his father and received his pay, $80.62½, of a store-keeper, all at one time. The even dollars he took in currency, and agreed to take the odd change in trade. He hooked through the store, and—his eyes not lengthlighted on some book as hundred volumes or more. He never saw so many books before and did not know there were so many in the world. He concluded, at the suggestion of the merchant, to take a book, but not knowing one from another, asked the merchant to select one for him. The one selected was "Workman's Elements of Geography," with some simple philosophical problems in the rear—an inferior looking little volume, published in Philadelphia just seventy years ago. In the evening of the day on which he took the book home, his father asked him what the book was about, and the son could not tell. His father told him to read some of it, and when he read the first sentence, which stated that the earth was round, and turned or its axis in every twenty-four hours, the father was disgusted and told him to burn the foolish book. The son kept the book, (he has it now); studied it until he had completely mastered its contents, and declares that whatever he is or has been he owes to that little volume. It was the pivot on which his life history turned. It led him to purchase more books—large philosophical and other scientific works—and to master them, and made him, in short, a scholar, philosopher, and an inventor. People have gone seventy-five or a hundred miles to get his views on some philosophical question or some geological specimen.

While living in Ohio, fifty years ago, he bought a blacksmith shop and tools, intending to put a skilled workman in it; but, failing to secure one, began to mend chains, plows, etc., himself, and soon found he could do anything usually done in such a shop. Now he can repair almost anything, from a small clock to a large engine. He makes a fine article of stereoscope, and the gyroscope, and has invented a sun dial adapted to any latitude. His brain, at eighty-five, is in good working order.

In 1837 Mr. Van Vorhes started the Hocking Valley (O.) *Gazette*, edited it several years, and was succeeded by his son, now a member of Congress from Ohio. In 1840 he was a member of the lower house of the Ohio Legislature, and a little later of the Senate, coming to Stillwater in 1848 to serve, under appointment of President Taylor, as Register of the Land Office. When nearly eighty years of age, he

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - - - SEPT. 6, 1878.

Democratic State Ticket.

FOR GOVERNOR,
ANDREW H. DILL, of Union County.
FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR,
JOHN FERTIG, of Crawford County.
FOR SUPREME JUDGE,
HENRY P. ROSS, of Montgomery County.
SECRETARY INTERNAL AFFAIRS,
J. SIMPSON AFRICA, of Huntingdon.

Democratic District Ticket.

FOR CONGRESS,
GEN. A. H. COFFROTH, of Somerset.

Democratic County Ticket.

ASSEMBLY,
L. D. WOODRUFF, Conemaugh Borough;
JOHN FENLON, Ebensburg.
REGISTER AND RECORDER,
JOHN G. LAKE, Ebensburg.
TREASURER,
DR. A. YEAGLEY, Johnstown.
COMMISSIONERS,
JOHN CAMPBELL, Conemaugh Borough;
GEORGE GURLEY, Ebensburg.
POOR DIRECTOR,
JESSE PATTERSON, Johnstown.
SURVEYOR,
HENRY SCANLAN, Carrolltown.
AUDITORS,
PHILIP. D. SKELLY, Portage Twp.;
PATRICK DILLON, Elder Twp.

HON. R. M. SPEER, Chairman of the Democratic State Committee, announces that on and after September 11th, the headquarters of said Committee will be at No. 1101 Girard street, Philadelphia, where all communications should be addressed.

THE Greenback conferees will meet at Altoona on Tuesday, the 17th instant, to nominate a candidate in this district for Congress. It is given out in Altoona by the chairman of the Greenback Committee in that city, that the candidate will be either a farmer or a mechanic, while we have been thinking all the time that the "coming man" would be our old tariff friend, Samuel Calvin, Esq.

THE failure of Jay Cooke & Co. occurred in September, 1873—five years ago—and was the signal of the financial crash that followed throughout the country, and which has continued ever since to oppress and weigh it down. Several dividends, small in amount, have from time to time been declared, and it is now announced that the final distribution will be made about the 1st of October, which will make a total of 51 per cent. of each claim against the estate—a much better showing than was at first anticipated.

NEARLY an entire new legislative ticket was nominated last week by the Citizens' Committee of Allegheny county. Of the *sixteen* candidates nominated, *six* are Democrats, *five* are Republicans, *four* are Greenbackers, and *one* is a Prohibitionist. *Five* are new men, and *eleven* had been previously nominated by the old parties. One of the new nominees is Hon. James H. Hopkins for State Senator. These nominations have been made in the interest of legislative reform, and it is claimed will defeat several of the Republican ring candidates. If such should be the outcome, Cameronism will suffer to that extent, and the citizens of Allegheny county will have performed a most patriotic duty.

THE political campaign has fairly commenced in Ohio and Indiana, and in a short time will be at fever heat. The election in both States will take place on the first Tuesday in October. In Ohio, which does not elect a Legislature this year, the Democrats are pretty certain to elect a majority of the Congressmen. In Indiana the exciting question is the Legislature, upon the complexion of which will depend the re-election of Daniel W. Voorhees to the U. S. Senate. In each State both parties have their ablest men on the stump, and immense mass meetings are being held and addressed by them. The Greenback vote in Ohio will not likely control the election of Congressmen to any great extent, but it will undoubtedly have that effect in Indiana.

ON his return trip from California last week, Judge Jeremiah S. Black, in an interview with a press reporter at Omaha, expressed the hope that he would yet see General Hancock elected President, and also signified his belief that Gov. Tilden would be the Democratic nominee in 1880. Much as we respect Judge Black's opinions upon almost every question, we think he fails to see the drift of Democratic sentiment when he predicts Mr. Tilden's nomination two years hence. It seems to us that Democratic tendencies are rapidly assuming any other shape than *that*, and that *westward* the star of Democracy, like the star of empire, is surely taking its way. But in this age of political uncertainties, it is impossible to tell what a day much less two years, may bring forth, and Judge Black's prediction may possibly, though not probably, be verified.

GEN. CAMPBELL addressed a Republican meeting in the Somerset Court House last week, and had the rare modesty to say to his hearers that "the Democratic party was dead." This discovery is not original with Gen. C., for nearly every Whig and Republican candidate for Congress in this country for the last quarter of a century has said the same thing, and holds a *patent* for it. The Democratic party has a good many more lives in it than are commonly attributed to a *cat*, and possesses all the *vim* of old Zack Taylor, who said that if he was fairly licked at one stage in the battle of Buena Vista, as the Mexicans claimed he was, he didn't know it, but fought right straight ahead. This being Court week, Gen. Campell spent Monday and Tuesday in our town, and from what he saw and heard we rather think he has modified his view of the case as presented by him in Somerset, and that he now is convinced that the Democratic party lives, moves, and has a being.

THE nomination of Gen. Coffroth as the Democratic candidate for Congress in this district, seems to have affected the editor of the Bedford *Inquirer* in the same way that a red flag does a belligerent bull, when it is shaken in his front in the arena by a Spanish matadore. It does not follow because a man is nominated for Congress by either of the political parties that he is therefore a scoundrel—corrupt and dishonest—or that he is a trickster who is not to be trusted. Such, however, is the low ground occupied by the *Inquirer* in regard to Gen. Coffroth. Its assaults upon him ever since his nomination have been so violent and uncalled for, that the Altoona *Tribune*, an independent paper, which is anxious to see justice done to both Gen. Coffroth and his opponent, Gen. Campbell, felt constrained a couple of weeks ago to administer to it a deserved rebuke. Its admonition, however, was not heeded by Gen. Campbell's Bedford organ, but only made it more abusive, if possible, which has moved the *Tribune* again to interpose between the *Inquirer* and the object of its wrath, Gen. Coffroth, in its issue of Monday last, in a brief article which will be found in another part of our paper. Vile and indiscriminate abuse of a candidate always reacts in his favor, and as General Coffroth happens to be well known all over Bedford county, the malignant articles of the *Inquirer* will cause a good many men to vote for him who might otherwise have declined to do so.

How the Southerners get down on their haunches and plead for help from the North when they get sick; when they are well they want to fight.

When the devil got sick the devil a saint would be,
When the devil got well the devil a saint was he.

If they would be less lazy when they are well they would not have to beg when they are sick from those whom they affect to despise when they are well.—*Johnstown Tribune.*

In contrast with the devilish spirit which prompted these brutal utterances, how redeeming and ennobling are the efforts of the men and women of the big-hearted North, with the milk of human kindness running through their veins, to minister to the wants and alleviate the sufferings of the fever-stricken and almost depopulated cities and towns in the lower Mississippi valley? Human nature instinctively protests against the unfeeling and cowardly taunts hurled by the *Tribune* at a prostrate helpless, and sorely afflicted people. In a speech which Thaddeus Stevens once delivered in a criminal case in a neighboring county, in this State, and in which a witness for the prosecution had exhibited some of the same spirit of *diabolism* that pervades the above extract from the *Tribune*, he said of him to the jury: "Judging from the fell spirit of hate towards the defendant which this witness has manifested in his testimony, if it were given to him to locate his own heaven, he would select a spot on the confines of the infernal regions, where with unmixed pleasure he could forever hear and enjoy the groans and agonies of the damned."

THE Democratic State Committee of Massachusetts met at Boston last week and fixed the time for holding the State convention on the 17th of this month. There was an almost unanimous desire expressed by the members that the State, as well as the country, should understand that the Democracy of Massachusetts will not countenance any truckling to, or any trade made with Ben Butler. This is right, and is the only way by which they can preserve their honor and their organization in all its integrity, let the election result as it may. In the meantime, Butler in a long letter has consented to become a candidate for Governor at the request of fifty-one thousand, more or less, of workingmen, who signed petitions and sent them to him with that object in view. If these signers, who are simply ministering to the vanity and personal aims of a practiced demagogue, would unite with the true Democracy of the State, between whom and themselves there are many essential purposes in common, they might be able to accomplish a substantial victory. But as Butler, like his prototype of old, would rather be the first man in a country village than the second man in Rome, their strength will only be frittered away upon him, and will render certain the triumph of the political dynasty which they profess such eager anxiety to overthrow.

ALTHOUGH we do not intend to nauseate our readers with a surfeit of Dennis Kearney's communistic speeches delivered at the different points he visits, we cannot refrain from publishing the following elegant extract from his wild utterances at Cincinnati two weeks ago to-night. From it one can take the full measure of this modern Jack Cade, as accurately as the ancients claimed to judge of the dimensions of Hercules from the size of his foot print:

I say we must oppose everything. The Workingman's party must win, if it has to wade knee-deep in blood and perish in battle. [Applause, laughter, and hisses.] The workingmen of this country must win though hell boils over. [Laughter, applause and hisses.] They have a right to control this country. It is their God-given right—the higher law, the law of self-preservation. A man had the check to tell me the other day that he was with the Workingmen as long as they remained inside of the law. I told him workingmen knew nothing of such nonsense. All the law that I know is that one man eats turkey and another rice. [Laughter.] The man doing the work has to live on potatoes and milk, and the blood-sucking vampires of labor dines off a $200 dinner. Is that the law you mean, said I. Oh, no, here is a piece of paper. But I said if it were written on a beefsteak the workingmen would eat it, for they are hungry. [Laughter.] The law is like the handle of a jug, all on one side. It is all law and no justice. Before I starve in a country like this I will cut a man's throat and take whatever he has got.

TERRIBLE DISASTER IN ENGLAND.—The excursion steamer Princess Alice, returning from Gravesend to London Tuesday evening, with about eight hundred passengers on board, was run down off Barking about 8 o'clock by a screw steamer. The number of persons drowned is variously estimated at from five to six hundred. The highest estimate is the latest and is given by the London Steamboat Company, the owners of the Princess Alice. The company's wharf was at latest accounts besieged by crowds of people anxious to hear of relatives and friends who were passengers on the ill-fated boat.

—Isaac Robinson, colored, murdered his wife at Mount Vernon Tuesday morning, and then killed himself. Jealousy was the cause.

Extravagance in High Places.

ENORMOUS INCREASE OF STATE EXPENDITURES BY THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

During the time the Republican party has been in power in this State, the expenditures of the State government for the ordinary objects of government have been increased from $379,094, to the enormous sum of $1,332,383. These figures are compiled from the appropriation bills of those dates and other official sources. We take the central year of the last Democratic administration (Gov. Packer) and compare it with the last of Republican rule (Gov. Hartranft), which gives the following results, to wit:

	1859.	1878.
Salary of Governor	$4,000	$10,000
Secretary Commonwealth	1,700	4,500
Deputy Secretary Commonwealth	1,500	2,500
Auditor General	1,700	3,000
Surveyor General (Secretary Internal Affairs)	1,600	3,500
Attorney General	3,000	4,000
Deputy Attorney General	800	1,800
Adjutant General	600	2,500
Superintendent of Common Schools	1,500	2,550
State Librarian	800	1,800
State Librarian Assistant	100	900
State Treasurer	1,700	5,000
Clerk and Messenger hire in State and Executive Departments	5,400	20,000
Contingent expenses for same	2,975	5,000
Private Secretary to Governor	600	3,000
Clerk and Messenger hire Auditor General's office	8,800	14,400
Contingent expenses for same	1,000	3,000
Clerk and Messenger hire Surveyor General's office, now Secretary Internal affairs	8,700	23,400
Contingent expenses for same	830	2,500
Clerk hire Attorney General's office	.....	1,400
Clerk hire Adjutant General's office	.....	11,400
Clerk and Messenger hire School Department	3,900	8,700
Contingent expenses for same	2,260	5,500
Clerk and Messenger hire State Treasurer's office	6,450	8,450
Miscellaneous expenses State Library	2,010	4,200
Pay of legislature, clerks, mileage, stationery, etc.	150,000	541,700
Distributing laws and journals	700	615
Public printing and binding	30,000	80,000
Harrisburg for water	600	600
Gas for public buildings (for 1877)	2,000	7,525
Salaries of Supreme Court Judges	$18,700	
Salaries of Philadelphia Judges	16,800	
Salaries of Allegheny Judges	10,200	
Law Judges of other counties	55,000	
Associate Judges	25,000	
	125,700	480,000
Salary Superintendent Public Printing	800	1,600
Contingent expenses of same	.....	600
Legislative Record (87 pe page for 1858 and $10.40 for 1878)	3,076	38,584
Legislative Record wrapper (at $9 per each member)	.....	2,259
Improvement Public Grounds, expenses, etc.	1,831	12,000
Harrisburg Fire Companies ($100 each)	600	800
Superintendent Public Buildings and Grounds	912	1,400
Five watchmen Public Grounds	.....	4,500
Index Journals, Senate and House	250	500
Commissioner Bureau of Statistics	.....	2,500
Lieutenant Governor	.....	3,500
Janitor for same	.....	250
Contingent expenses Board of Pardons (formerly paid by Secretary of Commonwealth)	.....	500
Total	$379,094	$1,332,383

[We omit appropriations for common schools, etc., pensions, interest and payment upon public debt, guarantees of interest to railroads, canal and navigation companies, penitentiaries, houses of refuge, hospitals, asylums, etc., pay of Mexican soldiers and other items that are controlled by temporary circumstances in amount and were unavoidable, and also sundry trifling and temporary appropriations for incidental expenses. Otherwise the foregoing tables include all the objects of appropriation necessary to the proper conduct of the government.]

In 1860 the population of the State, as per United States census, was 2,906,215, and the state expenditures under democratic control were $379,094—or about thirteen cents for each individual. In 1870 the population as per census was 3,521,951. Allowing the same rate of annual increase as from 1860 to 1870 the population would be about 4,014,538 in 1878. The State expenditures under Republican control were for that year $1,332,383—or about thirty-three cents for each individual. Who dare defend this amazing robbery of the people?

But an increase of population is not a just basis for an increase of governmental expenditure, for the same official machinery that will govern three millions of people, will equally well govern five millions, with only slight additions to the number of local officers, a few additional clerks, some increase of courts, etc. No more governors or departmens of government existed in 1878 than in 1859, but 118 members were added to the legislature by the constitution of 1873, and for that no particular party is responsible. The increase of cost, however by that addition should have been only trifling.

Stripped of all necessary explanation then, we have the fact staring the people the taxpayers, broadly in the face that IT COSTS MORE THAN THREE TIMES AND A HALF AS MUCH TO CONDUCT THE STATE GOVERNMENT UNDER REPUBLICAN, AS IT DOES UNDER DEMOCRATIC RULE!! In other words, as the state government need not cost much over $379,094, as heretofore demonstrated by democratic administration, the present republican administration literally *robs the people of the immense sum of nearly one million of dollars annually!*

The figures we give are from the official record, and they can not be dodged or explained away. There they stand beyond the power of contradiction, or excuse, or extenuating circumstance. They clearly show the annual robbery that is perpetrated upon the people. Do the people so well like to pay taxes that they will continue the Republicans in power? Do they like to be robbed by the million?

Or will they prefer honest rule and economical expenditure?

If the people want to continue the extravagant Cameron-republican rule, they will effect their object by voting for Hoyt, and thus keep the same cormorants in power that have been gnawing their vitals, wasting their substance and oppressing and grinding them to the earth for years.

But if the people want honest and frugal state government which shall not take from them their substance, and shall leave them to the comfortable enjoyment of all their rights and all that belongs to them, they must vote for Andrew H. Dill, the Democratic state ticket, and Democratic members of the legislature.

The Democratic party, if successful at the next election, will be under bonds to administer the government in the most frugal manner that efficiency will permit. If it does not do this it will be promptly hurled from official place, for it is upon this pledge that it will come into power. It therefore will not dare to fail in this matter of thorough reduction in expenditures.

But if the Republican party shall again be successful it will be a license to steal, an endorsement and approval of extravagant expenditure, a positive injunction to go on and spend all that is possible and steal all that is left! That is the issue—the people will decide.

Let us recapitulate, that the understanding may not be clouded:

Total amount of discretionary expenditures under Democratic administration for one year $379,094
Total amount of expenditure for same purposes for one year under Republican rule $1,323,383

The people can put a stop to this extortion, profligacy and theft only by voting against the men who perpetrate it.

NOT MUCH OF A CRIME.—The Bedford *Inquirer* is laboring most energetically to elect General Coffroth to Congress. What motives prompted or governed Gen. Coffroth in voting for the constitutional amendments and generally sustaining the war measures demanded by the exigencies of the times we do not know nor do we care to know. He was elected in a strong Republican district, and in voting to sustain the war measures demanded by Mr. Lincoln's administration he but carried out the wishes of a majority of his constituents, thus simply doing a patriotic duty. If his motive was to conciliate his constituency to secure a re-election there was certainly nothing very criminal in that. But that he was on the side of right while so many of his fellow-Congressmen were on the wrong side is a fact that must be accepted and interpreted that General Coffroth was acting from an honest motive and a patriotic principle. There will be few that will fault him at this late day for being in accord with the then prevailing sentiment of the people as reflected by the Republican party. We are not aware that the country has undergone any great change of sentiment as to the wisdom and propriety of Gen. Coffroth's course in Congress on all these matters. If he supported the war by his vote and voice in the nation's councils, he should not be blamed for it any more than Gen. Campbell, who gallantly did the same thing with his pecuniary means in the hour of his country's necessity, and with his sword on the tented field. The *Inquirer* has not yet learned that the war ended about a dozen years ago; that since then there has been a great financial crash, followed by general commercial and industrial depression and distress, the fruitage of the war, from which the people are seeking relief. Fogy-like it is burrowing among the musty records of the past, instead of dealing with the living present. The "ensanguined rag" has become too tattered and faded to attract much attention outside of those whose arms never become weary of displaying it in the absence of something better to enthuse the dispirited multitude.—*Altoona Tribune.*

NOW WHO IS ANDREW H. DILL?—Not having the good fortune to inherit dollars and property from a most worthy father, raised in poverty and having to look to his own efforts for success, Andrew H. Dill is by inheritance, instinct and education the friend of those who like himself have to buffet the world for a livelihood and earn their daily bread by hard work. Though his district always contained a considerable Republican majority, the people thereof always elected him whenever opportunity offered. They watched his course, they studied his record, they keenly scanned his whole conduct; his political opponents, chagrined by repeated defeat in their stronghold, criticized his every act with the utmost desire to find fault and thus cripple or destroy him; yet such were the rectitude of his conduct and his faithfulness to their interests, that those hardy sons of toil (though politically opposed) four times elected Andrew H. Dill to the Legislature from Republican districts.—There he was ever the friend and champion of popular rights and the best interests of the people, the rank and file, the farmers, mechanics and laboring men who elected him. Our limits do not permit us to refer to his votes in detail, but if they had not been of the most unexceptionable character and most thoroughly in the interests of the working people, Republican counties and districts would not have repeatedly elected him to represent them. That is the most positive proof of the purity and fidelity of official life, the propriety of his votes, and the patriotism of his purposes. Such endorsements, under such circumstances, are at once convincing and overwhelming evidence of great competency and unquestionable integrity. From the time he passed the threshold of manhood to the maturity of middle age, Andrew H. Dill has been prominent in the public view of his constituents, and it is therefore a proud thing to say that no blemish rests upon his character, public or private. Always acting in public, and for the public, neither his neighbors or others could be mistaken in his character, and those neighbors at all times and under all circumstances endorsed him. Such is Andrew H. Dill.

SNATCHED FROM DEATH.—Miss Annie Aberhard, of Oregon street, says the Baltimore *Gazette*, had been confined to her bed for three years, and during the past three months had been failing rapidly. She is about 22 years of age, of neat appearance and good demeanor, and has many warm friends in the neighborhood who watched the progress of her disease with anxiety. She was attended by Drs. Miltenberger, Milholland, Spicer, and other physicians, without appearing to experience any permanent relief or improvement.

A few weeks ago Father Ahern, of St. Peter's, was called in, and administered the last sacraments of the Catholic Church to the suffering and supposed dying girl. After the solemn ceremony the Rev. Father, moved by her piety and patience, suggested to her to make a novena to St. Vincent and St. Peter, and to pray for the Lord to restore her to health. On St. Peter's day Father Ahren celebrated Mass for her, and a number of her friends piously assisted with their prayers, the girl also appealing to the Lord to restore her health.

As though in answer to the supplication in her behalf, her health improved, she was soon able to leave her bed, and on Saturday last all traces of the disease, except those left by the long and tedious confinement to a bed of pain, had disappeared. She had for some time experienced some debility, which, however, day by day was diminishing, and she is now able to attend to her usual domestic avocations. She is a regular attendant at the 7 o'clock Mass at St. Peter's church. While her health seems to be permanently restored, neither she nor her friends claim her recovery as a miracle. Their explanation is that God always listens to and answers the prayers of those who earnestly supplicate Him for blessings, and that He in His divine mercy heard her prayer and the supplications of her friends and restored her to health.

—On Thursday morning, five miles below Chester, on the Illinois shore of the Mississippi, sixty miles below St. Louis, a boy about 7 years of age was found floating on the trunk of a cottonwood tree. Two farm hands, who were crossing the river in a skiff, noticed the trunk of a tree floating and something lying on the top of it. They pulled up to the tree, which was about 100 feet long, and found a young boy. The little fellow was lying in a kind of hollow formed in the trunk. He was unconscious and in a high state of fever, and his wasted form and emaciated look bespoke long abstinence from food. The boy is still unable to converse, and it is not known who he is or where he comes from. The presumption is that he must have drifted on the trunk from some point near the mouth of the Missouri, venturing upon the trunk while it was lying close to the banks. The little fellow must have been on the trunk five or six days, drifting 100 miles, during which time he had no sustenance.

—Mary McNamara, of Clinton, Mass., has recently saved the third child that fell into the Lancaster Mills ponds this year.

The People's League.

A NEW ORGANIZATION OF COLORED VOTERS WHO WON'T BITE AT THE RADICAL BAIT HELD OUT BY MACKEY'S MAN FRIDAY.

When the so-called State Equal Rights League was in session in this city, says the Pittsburg *Post* of Friday, it will be remembered that a number of delegates of Democratic and Nationalistic proclivities were ejected from the meeting because they declined to indorse a resolution pledging their support to the Republican party. The resolution emanated from Mackey's man W. D. Forten, a colored politician of Philadelphia, whose family is well provided for in the way of official position, and who for that reason asked the colored men of Pennsylvania to support his party. For two days past these ejected delegates have been in session and here is the result of yesterday's session:

In the absence of the chairman, J. Grandison, R. A. Hall was called to the chair. The minutes of the last meeting were read and adopted, as was also the report of the committee on grievances, Messrs. A. Hawkins, P. A. Noler and J. C. Hawkins, of which the following is the full text:

PITTSBURGH, August 29.—*To the Citizens of Allegheny County and State of Pennsylvania—Fellow Citizens, Members and Gentlemen:* We deem it essential that we should bring to your notice the action of the so-called Equal Rights League, that met in Avery hall, Allegheny City, on the 20th of August, in denouncing all the western delegates, not by the constitution or parliamentary law, but from their malicious tyranny. There was a committee on credentials appointed, but no committee on contesting delegations. When the committee on credentials was announced to make its report, it was as follows:

"Mr. President—these are the names of the men the board decides shall be the delegates to this convention."

And we, your delegates, not hearing our several names called, rose to ascertain the cause. We were told that our credentials were thrown into the scrap and waste basket. We then wanted to know why we got no other redress. The reply was that we were not members until we signed a pledge to support the whole republican ticket and candidates, which we would not do. We therefore submit this resolution for your consideration.

Resolved, That we organize ourselves into a league to be known as the People's League.

The resolution was unanimously adopted.

Mr. Paul J. Carson reported that he had interviewed a large number of the colored citizens of western Pennsylvania in relation to the unjust action of the State Equal Rights League, and learned their sentiments concerning the contemplated organization of the People's League, many believing that such an enterprise would be a great assistance in advancing the best interests of the colored people in Pennsylvania and their race in general. Mr. Aveler, in a brief address, related the unjust actions of the league.

After a consultation Prof. William Howard Day presented the following platform, which was also unanimously adopted:

Owing to the later methods and tyrannical action of the Pennsylvania State Equal Rights League, which has by a few men been made merely the appendage to the Republican party, and which has demanded a political test which sought to hedge us, willing or unwilling, to the support of the Republican candidates in the campaign of 1878: knowing the pledge to be unconstitutional and impolitic, and believing that the Pennsylvania State Equal Rights League, with its present methods and control, to be barren of usefulness; and also believing that the colored citizens should unite for their own intellectual, industrial, mechanical and social improvement, with permission to hold such political views as they choose, and to vote as they may deem best, we form a new State organization "of the people, by the people and for the people," working out our political salvation through existing or new political parties, as may seem wise to each of us.

The chair appointed a committee of three on nominations—Messrs. Aveler, Harkers and Carson—who reported the following, of the People's Equal Rights League:

President—C. M. Brown, Harrisburg.

Vice Presidents—D. B. Bowser, Philadelphia; R. A. Hall, Pittsburg; J. B. Popel, Harrisburg; P. J. Carson, Pittsburg; A. Bettencourt, Philadelphia; W. L. Ramses, Wilkesburre.

Corresponding Secretaries—R. W. Bell, Pittsburg; Charles O'Donall, Pittsburg; S. P. Hood, Philadelphia.

Recording Secretaries—John H. Jones, Pittsburg; S. P. Irvin, Philadelphia; I. C. Harris, Pittsburg.

Treasurer—Francis A. Hall, Pittsburg.

Chaplains—Rev. J. P. Hamer, Carlisle; Rev. Jessie Cowles, Pittsburg; Rev. Geo. M. Bonner, Harrisburg.

Chairmen—Wm. Howard Day, Harrisburg; Alfred Hawkins, Pittsburg; Thos. L. White, Chambersburg; Peter R. Tucker, Philadelphia; Wm. H. Still, Reading; B. F. Towns, Wilkesburre; J. W. Henry, Franklin; Jos. Lebar, Lancaster; S. T. Linsey, Pittsburg; D. M. Robinson, Harrisburg; Pedro A. Aveler, East Liberty; James Armstrong, Marietta, Philip Peterson, Allegheny City; C. W. Harley, Harrisburg; J. Cupit, York; R. Knox, Huntingdon; John L. Griffith, Lewistown; S. J. Jordan, Carlisle; Jno. Turfley, Pittsburg, Wm. H. Rex, Wilkesburre; M. S. Pugh, Pittsburg; Geo. Barnes, Shippensburg; J. C. Brown, Pittsburg; M. S. Terry, Reading.

The committee further reported that a mass convention of the colored people of Pennsylvania who are opposed to the action of the Pennsylvania State equal rights league, and in favor of the formation of a People's League, be called to assemble in the city of Pittsburg, on Tuesday morning, October 18, 1878, at 10 o'clock.

The meeting was well attended and very enthusiastic, and after routine business adjourned to reassemble on Tuesday, Sept. 10th, and to hold a ratification meeting in the evening.

THE SITUATION IN GERMANY.—Commenting on the condition of ecclesiastical matters in Prussia, the Philadelphia *Record*, in its issue of Tuesday says editorially:

Prince Bismarck has entirely overshot his mark in procuring the dissolution of the German Parliament. Instead of being in a majority, he can count on the unquestioning support of only 112 members; the Opposition numbers 126; and the balance of power is in the hands of the Catholics, who have been blessed with a remarkable turn of good fortune. There is such a diversity of opinion between Prince Bismarck and his opponents that he has preferred to open negotiations with the Vatican rather than with the Liberals. A Berlin correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* declares that no time was lost when it was seen how the election had gone in the endeavor to come to a direct understanding with Rome. When Prince Bismarck arrived at Kissingen he sent word to the Papal Nuncio that he should be most happy to make his personal acquaintance. The Nuncio shortly after called on the Chancellor and was courteously received as a Prince of the Church. There was no delay in returning the visit.—Prince Bismarck opened the negotiations by the offer of large concessions. He was willing to throw over the Old Catholics and to abolish the Ecclesiastical Court, composed of lay judges. This is tantamount to acknowledging the claims of the Catholic Church to determine the conditions of communion with her and to exercise exclusive jurisdiction in spiritual affairs.—These claims are now denied by statute. But it appears that the Pope was as swift to see the advantage in the hands of the Catholic members of Parliament as Prince Bismarck, and that he sets a higher price upon the support of the Church than the latter is willing to pay. Bismarck promises a mild and ineffective administration of harsh statutes. The Church demands that in so far as the laws are in contravention of its formal prescriptions they shall be treated as nullities. It insists that the way shall be opened for the re-establishment of all its religious orders and congregations and that it may bring back expatriated monks and nuns. Between the offer of the Prince and the demands of the Church negotiations have come to a halt. Meanwhile the votes of the Catholics will be needed at the assemblage of the Reichstag during the present month. There will be a great temptation to Prince Bismarck to promise more than he means to perform. The oppressive laws against the Catholics can only be repealed after the meeting of the Prussian Diet in October, and it is quite probable that, considering the antecedents of the statesman they have to deal with, the policy of Catholic members will be a waiting one. After they get what they are promised they will be ready to render effective aid to the crown in its battle against the Socialists. The outcome of these events will probably be very soon discloses. If it shall turn out that the Ultramontanes array themselves under the banner of their late persecutor the spectacle will be an astonishing one. It may be taken as proof of a great victory for the Church and as a substantial acknowledgment of its potentiality in the German Empire.

—Within the shadow of the capitol at Washington a dungeon as terrible as the Black Hole of Calcutta is reported to exist. Monday of last week thirty-six prisoners were confined in a cell "not large enough for more than one person." The poor wretches actually fought for a place near the grating for fresh air. Several of them fainted and the others appealed in vain to the officials to let them occupy the passage way. Washington actually needs a John Howard or an Elizabeth Fry.

News and Other Notings.

—Icecreams, Ice cream is played out!"

—A resident of Danbury, Conn., has engaged his divorced wife as nursemaid for his present wife's children.

—Lyman Grinnell, of Norwich, Conn., has lived four years on cat flesh. The boys supply him at ten cents a cat.

—During a quarrel in Boston, on Tuesday, John Lane, aged twelve, stabbed his brother Timothy, aged fifteen, causing death in a short time.

—Clint Anderson was hanged at Little Rock Friday on the charge of rape. The Governor refused to commute his sentence or postpone the date of execution.

—Seven men were prostrated by an explosion of black damp, in the new tunnel of the Stanton mine, Wilkesbarre, Pa., on Saturday. One could not be resuscitated.

—Mrs. Sarah Thompson, of Clover Grove, N. C., has borne to her husband, a delicate man of 120 pounds' weight, twenty consecutive children in twenty consecutive years.

—A skeleton, supposed to be that of one of the Fathers who came to Canada about 240 years ago, has been discovered near the entrance of the old Jesuit Barracks now being demolished in Quebec.

—Rev. Mr. Gilliland, rector of Trinity Church, Bristol, Conn., suddenly announces that he becomes a Catholic. His course produces much surprise, as his own family had no intimation of his intentions.

—A stranger had to carry his child's body in a coffin through the streets of Portland, from the wharf to the depot, the other day, as the city fines any one not a licensed undertaker who conveys a body in a carriage.

—A contest has been commenced in Union county, Pa., over the estate of William Cameron, a brother of Simon Cameron. The will gives $1,400,000 to one daughter, Mrs. Packer, and only about $100,000 to other relatives.

—Rev. Joseph Yeager, of Allentown, serves five congregations, and has a confirmed membership of fifteen hundred people. He has been in the active ministry for a period of fifty one years, having been ordained in 1827.

—Prof. Edison's latest invention is a new ink which leaves a raised mark on paper, with which the blind can easily communicate with each other. It is in the form of a powder which becomes fit for use on dissolution in water.

—An infant, less than one year old, crawled out of bed during its mother's temporary absence, in Washington, early Friday morning, upset a coal oil lamp placed on the floor, and was so badly burned that it died in a few hours.

—The Marquis of Bute has given $25,000 towards a fund for the erection of a Roman Catholic Cathedral at Dundee, to commemorate the reestablishment of the bishopric of Dunkeld, which ceased about two hundred and ninety two years ago.

—Dr. J. S. Myer, of Virginia city, Nev., has rediscovered a lost Egyptian art. He tempers copper tools to a more lasting cutting edge than steel tools will hold, similar to that of the copper implements with which the stone for the pyramids was cut.

—On Tuesday of last week Mike Green, colored, aged 35, committed a revolting assault on a young white woman in Prince George county, Md. The same day he was lodged in jail. Early Monday morning twenty-five men took Greene from the jail and hanged him to a tree.

—George Wenrich, of Reading, who left home twenty years ago and was long since considered dead, returned a few days ago and tells a wonderful story of how he spent seventeen years as a prisoner of a tribe of savages in the interior of Africa, on the coast of which he was shipwrecked in 1861.

—A Biblical curiosity in the English section of the Paris Exhibition which attracts crowds is the model of the Tabernacle as it rested during the wandering of the Israelites in the desert. The exterior and interior are constructed in strict accordance with the details given in the Old Testament.

—Victor Saunders was married in Rockingham, Va., four years ago, and on the next day killed a man. He was sent to prison on a conviction of manslaughter. His wife got a divorce and married another man, but she was a widow when Saunders was discharged, recently, and on meeting they remarried.

—Wm. Matson is in jail at York for the alleged murder of Erastus King in that city. Matson and George King, it appears, engaged in a fight, and Erastus, brother of George, stepped in to part them. As he did so, Matson drew a knife and stabbed him in the side, from the effects of which he died in a few hours.

—Allen G. Wood, aged fourteen, jumped from the hurricane deck of the steamer City of Detroit on Saturday afternoon into Lake Erie and was drowned. Young Wood and a party of friends were bantering each other to jump into the lake, when, without warning, the boy jumped and sank beneath the waves.

—Blackie, General Meade's old warhorse, lives at Alverthorpe, Pa. He is as handsome as ever, despite his twenty four years. He comes of Black Hawk stock, was wounded at the battle of New Market Cross Roads in June, 1862, but served the General all through the war and until a short time before his death.

—A young man named Craigmer struck another man named Burke with a piece of pig iron at the furnace, five miles from Ironton, Mo., Sunday evening, killing him instantly. The affair grew out of Burke paying attention to Craigmer's sister against the wishes of the latter's family. The murderer was arrested on Monday.

—Since William Pennypacker, of Mohnnsville, Berks county, died, last Friday, the jingling of money has been heard in the house he lately occupied. His sons are tearing away the walls to find the coin. Just before he died Pennypacker completed a remarkable weapon in its way, consisting of a four-barreled gun weighing but seven pounds.

—Another frightful nitro-glycerine explosion, the second within eight days, occurred at Negaunee, Mich., on Thursday, by which three men were blown to pieces, while a fourth was landed on a shelving rock, almost uninjured. The killed are Audrew Sullivan, Stephen Day and Stephen Keahus. All were married. The cause of the accident is unexplained.

—In Belmont, N. Y., Hiram Pixley, fifteen years of age, shot his mother dead. There appears to have been a family altercation, and the boy in a fit of passion, or thinking to frighten the others into quietness, threatened, with a shotgun, to shoot himself and whoever interfered with him. A struggle ensued, the gun was discharged and the mother fell dead, shot through the heart.

—The town of Muskolez, in Hungary, was almost entirely laid waste on last Friday night by a storm. A thousand houses were destroyed and four hundred persons were killed, and two hundred persons are missing. At Earlan, the river rose during the storm and broke through the walls of the town. Whole rows of houses were demolished by the flood and many persons were drowned.

—An excursion train on the London, Chatham & Dover railway, from Ramsgate, Broadstairs and Margate, crowded with passengers, on Friday, near Sittingbown Junction, came in collision with some freight cars while the latter were switching off the main line. The train, which was running at express speed, was completely wrecked. Eight persons were killed and thirty seriously injured.

—Anson G. P. Dodge, 19 years of age, eloped from his home at Roxborough, near Philadelphia, with a young lady about the same years of age. A cab was discovered at the house on Sunday evening, which drove rapidly away about 10 o'clock. The father of the girl left information at the Central police station, and Monday evening Chief Jones received a dispatch from Washington, from a detective whom he had sent to that city, stating that the runaways had been captured. The father of the girl had offered a reward of $500 for their arrest.

—There are now in Reading two children the like of which, probably, cannot be found anywhere. The babies are eight and six years old, and weigh eleven and ten pounds, respectively. They are both girls, and were born in Stonersville, Berks county. Both children are blind, but have very sharp hearing. The children are perfectly healthy, perfectly formed and eat anything adult persons partake of. Their father, named Peter B. Shearer, is a blacksmith, and is about 40 years of age, while the mother is a few years younger. They have two other children, both of whom are of natural stature and physical development.

—On Friday morning, while Thomas Cook Hughey, aged forty-three, and Hooten Blackiston, aged thirty-three, both prominent lawyers of Cumberland, Md., were examining papers at Hughey's office in that place, a difficulty arose and Blackiston struck Hughey. The latter drew a pistol and fired, almost instantly killing Blackiston, the pistol ball entering his left side. Both gentlemen were from Allegany county, Md., but had been residents of Cumberland a number of years. Hughey was arrested and committed. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict that Blackiston came to his death by a pistol shot fired by Hughey, who was regarded as acting in self-defended assault. Hughey was held for a hearing on September 3d.

—The yellow fever is still raging fearfully in New Orleans, Vicksburg, Memphis, Grenada, etc. The last named place is in a most terrible condition. "Whole families have been completely wiped out of existence," says a correspondent, and the physicians have had actually to send to New Orleans for grave diggers." In New Orleans the ravages of the fever are on the increase. The disease has reached as far north as Hickman, in Kentucky, where several deaths have occurred. The fever-stricken cities and towns of the South and west are in a frightful

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,

FRIDAY, - - SEPT. 6, 1878.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There, and the Other Place.

—Castle Ryan at present contains forty prisoners.

—There is said to be a case of yellow fever at Gallitzin. We take no stock in the story.

—Co. Supt. Berg has postponed the examination of teachers at Loretto until Monday next, Sept. 9th.

—The special weekly train from Pittsburgh to this place has run its last run for the present season.

—Read the advertisement of the Self-Acting Cow Milker, which will be found in another column of this week's issue.

—The man with the printer's money in his pocket didn't make himself so numerous at Court this week as could have been wished.

—Hamilton Smith's barn, with contents, in Ligoiner Valley, Westmoreland county, was burned to the ground Monday forenoon. Loss $2,500. Cause of fire unknown.

—Another Johnstowner, named William Carpenter, was knocked down and kicked and cuffed in a brutal manner, about midnight Monday, by several unknown assailants.

—Bernard Biglin, a New York alderman, and one of the Biglin brothers so renowned for their skill with the oar, has been visiting relatives in this county during the past few days.

—Lieut. Harry Munson, an *attache* of the Altoona *Tribune*, was in town on Tuesday, and did us the honor of a visit. He is of that class whom we are glad to see come and sorry to see go away.

—Twelve schoolmarms have been married at Titusville, this State, durthg the past two years. Any of the trains leaving this place will connect with others which in due time will land you in that city.

—Peter Hare was tried and found guilty of murder in the second degree at Greensburg, last week, for killing his cousin, Wm. Hare. Peter, let us imagine, made a Harebreath escape from hanging.

—We have received a column advertisement from Mr. L. M. Wolf, clothing merchant, Johnstown, and a half column ditto from C. Simon Co., dry goods dealers, Altoona. Both will appear in our next issue.

—The rain which was so long and so ardently expected came to us Tuesday night, and the drought is dispelled. In the memory of the oldest inhabitant, the waters of this section were never so nearly dried up, as during the recent drouth.

—The public schools of Ebensburg were opened on Monday last, with Professor Lyte, of Lancaster, as superintendent for the third time. Over two hundred youngsters answered to their names, and this number will probably be increased during the colder months.

—Seventy dollars in cash were stolen from the residence of Peter Moore, Altoona, on Wednesday evening of last week, by a sneak thief who entered the house during the absence of the family; and now Peter Moore thinks whhre he could get hold of the scamp who did it.

—The Altoona *Tribune* tells of a twelve-year-old girl, who passed through that place on the Atlantic Express eastward bound on Friday evening last, and on whose face, notwithstanding she kept it closely veiled, could be faintly discerned a luxurious pair of side whiskers.

—Newton Hamilton and vicinity was the scene of six funerals and five weddings during the continuance of the recent camp meeting held in that neighborhood. It is to be hoped that the dead at least have reaped the rewards of the religious exercises pertaining to said gathering.

—A Westmoreland county farmer, while threshing in his barn a few days ago, found two bodies in the hay in an advanced state of decomposition. It is supposed they are the remains of tramps, who, having buried themselves under the hay to sleep, were smothered by having more hay thrown upon them.

—Dr. Hoffman, surgeon dentist, will visit Wilmore next Tuesday, Sept. 10th, on professional business intent, and will put in an appearance for like purposes at Carrolltown on Monday following, Sept. 16th. Note down all these facts, and make no mistake, ye folks who are troubled with the cursed toothache.

—Mr. James McKnight was in town a few days ago, and called to see us. He represents the well-known firm of Isaac Taylor & Co., dealers in dry goods and notions, 129 Wood street, Pittsburgh, Pa., and represents it well. In some future number of our paper we will spread his business card before our readers.

—Mr. John Tomlinson, editor of the Altoona *National*, delivered a speech on the Greenback issue in the Court House Monday evening last. He handled his topic with considerable force, and carried away with him many kindly recollections of his eloquence as an orator and his benignity as a gentleman.

—The relief fund in aid of the yellow fever sufferers in the South has reached magnificent proportions in Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, and other cities in the State. Even Altoona has footed up the sum total of $236.75, $50 of which were contributed by Rev. Father Walsh, of St. John's church. Ebensburg may be heard from in the near future.

—A very destructive fire occurred on Saturday last in the lumber yard of E. A. Irvin & Co., Curwensville, Clearfield county, and before the flames could be stayed no less than 1,500,000 feet of lumber was destroyed, while a grist mill and several private residences adjacent were considerably demaged by the intense heat. Loss, $19,000; insurance, $15,000.

—The Democratic convention of Bedford county met last week and nominated the following ticket: Assembly, Daniel R. Anderson and Joseph E. Noble; Associate Judge, Capt. John Nelson; Prothonotary, H. D. Tate; District Attorney, Frank Fletcher; Sheriff, W. G. Eicholtz; Treasurer, P. G. Morgan; Commissioners, Samuel Cressman and J. L. Albright.

—Strangers who may be in town this or next week will consult their interests by paying a visit to the one-price cash store of John Lloyd & Co., High street. The stock in trade of this firm is now and always was very large and very fine, and the prices are marked down to the lowest figures. Many bargains in dry goods, groceries, etc., are to be had for the asking.

—Harry K. Sheridan, the champion photographer of Cambria county, has lately found his business so vastly increased that he must call in new help. He authorizes us to say that he is desirous of securing the services of an assistant, and if a young man with the requisite qualifications will call at his gallery, High street, any day this or next week, he may be able to secure a permanent situation.

—The news came unexpectedly to us last Monday of the death of Mrs. Aggie Roberts Robinson, wife of Dr. George Robinson, of West Virginia. She was a daughter of our former townsman, Mr. Robert H. Roberts, deceased, and was well known and much esteemed in this community. Her disease was diphtheria, of an aggravated character, the entire term of her illness being comprised inside of forty-eight hours.

—Mr. Fred. Vowinckle, a prominent and well known citizen of White township, this county, met with a painful accident on Friday last while on his way home from Lloydsville. It seems that in crossing some trestle-work which the horse he was riding had often before passed over in safety, the animal tripped and fell, throwing his rider to the ground and falling upon him in such a way as to fracture one of his legs in two places.

—The man in the moon was looking at the made-up clothing of Godfrey Wolff, next door to the post-office, Altoona, Pa., the other night, with the evident intention of making a purchase. He can't shine without a new suit from Wolff, neither can the young men of Cambria county and parts adjacent shine unless they go and do likewise. Wolff is the cheapest and cleverest man to buy from you ever interviewed on the subject of ready-made clothing.

—When you visit the Pittsburgh Exposition be sure and see Dr. Quincy A. Scott's case of elegant dental specimens, which took the Centennial Medal and Diploma. If you have any bad teeth call at 278 Penn avenue, and our word for it the Doctor will extract them without giving you the least pain. 2t.

—If you have not yet bought that cold-weather suit you need, you have failed in the performance of a duty which you owe to yourself. If you don't know the address of the most reputable ready-made clothier in Cambria county, it is simply because your acquaintance with the news as contained in the newspapers is limited. Jas. J. Murphy, 109 Clinton street, Johnstown, can fit a man out from top to toe in elegant toggery, and all that he will charge you therefor will be a mere song, so to speak.

—The Pa. R. R. Co., with that liberality for which it is so proverbial, has tendered free transportation to all the editors and typos, as well as their families, sweethearts, etc., who have been invited to attend the picnic at Lloydsville, this county. The superintendent of the Bell's Gap narrow gauge road, has made the same generous proffer, so that the entire trip can be made free gratis for nothing. Nothing better than this could be offered, unless it might be the presenting of a handsome chromo to each one who avails himself of the kindness thus extended.

—In his speech, delivered in the Court House last Monday evening, Mr. John Tomlinson said, or at least left the assembled audience to infer, that in the event of the election of Doctor Bell and the other Greenback candidate for the Legislature in Blair county, Hon. J. Donald Cameron being a candidate for United States Senator to succeed himself, if Bell and the other man should go to Harrisburg and vote for Cameron, they would be brought back "in a box." In other words, there would be a funeral in two respectable families. Does this savor of Communism?

—The people of Blair county are largely engaged in the game of politics just now. There are two candidates to the square inch over there, and the crop not yet fully harvested. But this fact doesn't interfere with the other fact that S. Blumenthal, of the Great Eastern Boot and Shoe Store, 1119 Eleventh avenue, Altoona, is the proprietor of the biggest and best establishment in Western Pennsylvania for the sale of all goods in his line. An order sent him by mail will be promptly attended to, and our word for it satisfaction will be afforded each and every customer.

—An invention known as a "gum sling," which is no relation to "gin sling," has been in fashion with the boys of Ebensburg for a month or two past. It projects a bullet with accuracy and much force, and some damage to windows has lately been complained of. Constable Wherley last Saturday escorted four juveniles charged with this species of mischief-making before Esquire Kinkead, and a fine of seventy-five cents *per capita* was charged up against them and collected. George W. Oatman, Esq., was the prosecutor in the case, his pigeon-roost having been the object aimed at by the youthful Goliahs.

—We were gratified to meet and greet, in our town this week, Mr. T. S. Troxell, a worthy son of our true, earnest and much respected friend, John J. Troxell, Esq., of Gallitzin. Mr. Troxell, *fils*, has turned his attention to the study of medicine, and has since his visit to our town betaken himself to Philadelphia, where he is about to enter on his second term as a student at Jefferson Medical College, in that city. Our young friend has the material in him to make an able and successful physician, and we expect ere many years to chronicle the fact that he has gained a prominent position in the profession he has chosen for life.

—Mr. Lem. Davis was so unfortunate last week as to entrust a horse to the possession of a man who turned out to be a tramp, with all that that term implies. The tramp took the animal to East Conemaugh and sold it to a gentleman named Shaffer for $2.50 and two old watches. Subsequent to this, he drank all the whiskey that $2.50 would pay for, lost the watches, and went to the Johnstown lock-up on the charge of being drunk and disorderly. He was interviewed by Mr. Davis, with the result that the horse got back to its rightful owner. As to the tramp, he will in all probability look through the bars of the penitentiary for some months to come.

—Our venerable friend, Capt. George Nelson Smith, is with us this week. He has been on a tour westward, visiting in Westmoreland and Allegheny counties some of the friends of his early years. He is welcome as coals at Christmas. We say of him that he is a Democrat in whom there is no guile, but over and above that runs the fact that he was a soldier who did a soldier's service in the war for the independence of Texas. Some other Cambrians were engaged in that conflict, noticeable amongst whom might be mentioned Basil Durbin, now deceased, but until such a time as a competent historian shall be produced their record must remain unwritten.

—A man named White is charged in the warrant, issued by Esquire Kinkead, with having committed an assaulted and battery on James McKay, of Cambria township. The trouble dates back six months, and White was successful in keeping himself out of the view of the officers of the law till Friday last, when he was tapped on the shoulder while in this place. Immediately thereafter, a dissolving view of White's coattails, with the ends pointing in the direction of Ebensburg, was to be discerned. He made his escape, and if he maintained the same rate of speed he started out with for any length of time, he must be something less than a million of miles away from here now.

—The Hollidaysburg *Standard* uses language none too strong when it declares that the man who would write the extract from the Johnstown *Tribune* (printed and commented on in our editorial department this week) in relation to the terrible scourge now devastating Southern towns and cities, has the heart of a fiend; and sincerely indeed can we say Amen to the comments of the *Standard* when it adds: "Upon the scene of suffering which should excite the liveliest feelings of sympathy and compassion, the ghoul who wrote the extract referred to looks with fiendish exultation. It is to be hoped that the Almighty will look upon him with more charity than he exercises toward his fellow men."

—Late Saturday night, says the Altoona *Mirror*, gleaning its information from the Johnstown *Tribune*, an attack was made on Mr. Jacob Cradle, bartender for Mr. Jacob Jacoby, Bedford street, Johnstown, by two unknown persons, just after he closed up the saloon, and he was hammered by them about the face and body until insensible. They then rolled him down over the steep embankment to the edge of the river, intending, doubtless, to finish their brutal work by drowning him. Two hours afterward he returned to consciousness and managed to crawl up to the house, when his condition was discovered. His injuries are of a very serious nature, and he will be laid up for some time.

—A worm and still, at one time the property of Mr. Barney Vogel, of Barr township, and thought to have been many times and oft used in the manufacture of crooked whisky, was seized by Revenue Officer Tibbott three or four months ago and removed to this place. For the purpose of safe keeping they were stowed away in the rear of the stable of the Mountain House, and remained there till Monday night last, since when they have been missing. Somebody, with no fear of the United States government in their hearts, laid violent hands on the property and carried it away; and the question which now naturally arises in the thinking mind has some connection with a desire to know how far the thief intends to take it.

—We had the pleasure this week of renewing an old-time acquaintance with Mr. L. M. Woolf, whom we knew a number of years ago in Johnstown, to which place he has recently returned after a prolonged absence and once again established himself more extensively than ever in the ready-made clothing business. We always found Mr. Woolf a fair, square business man and a genial gentleman, and the fact that he has returned to his old stamping ground is evidence sufficient, if any were needed, that he went away with a good reputation and came back with the same untarnished. We can heartily recommend Mr. W. to the patronage of our readers, and why he should be favored with their custom will appear more at length over his own signature next week.

—There are at present eleven ex-Sheriffs of Cambria county still living, all of whom have passed into and out of office since the election in 1831, two others having died since their retirement from official position. Following are the names of the living and dead, and the year in which each of them was elected: Robert P. Linton, elected in 1831 and re-elected for a second and third term in 1837, and 1858; William Rainey, in 1834, now dead; Wm. Todd, in 1840, now dead; James Murray, in 1843; Jesse Patterson, in 1846, John Brawley; now of Hollidaysburg, in 1849: Aug. Durbin, in 1852; John Roberts, in 1855: John Buck, in 1861; James Myers, in 1864; John A. Blair in 1867; Wm. B. Bonacker, now of Iowa, in 1870 and Herman Baumer, in 1873.

—Twoore miners named Thomas Callihan and Michael Cooney, assisted by a man named Andrew Stanley, undertook to put off a blast in the C. I. Co.'s mine at the east end of the Tunnel, on Tuesday last. They were engaged in the process of tamping the rock for the purpose of removing a portion of the roof and enlarging the entrance to the mine, when fire was struck through the manipulation of the iron, and ignitiug the powder, an explosion followed. Callihan was blown a considerable distance, and was found standing on his head on top of a pile of rocks. Cooney numbered amongst his wounds one on his head and a couple on his legs, and is in the hands of Dr. Miller, of Gallitzin. Stanley received some very severe injuries, which may not prove fatal, though his case is said to be somewhat precarious. As for Callihan, there is said to be no hope for his recovery, and it is possible that he may be dead before this reaches the eyes of our readers.

—John Fulton, Esq., General Mining Engineer for the Cambria Iron Company at Johnstown, has lately promulgated through the columns of the Johnstown *Tribune* an order to the effect that no child under twelve years of age shall in the future be permitted to work in the mines of the Cambria Iron Company, or elsewhere. It is based on an act of the Legislature passed on the 23d of May last, entitled "An Act to Prevent Cruelty to Children." By the terms of this Act, no child under the age of twelve years shall be employed in the coal or ore mines, under a penalty in each and every case of from $10 to $50. He adds that all persons in the employ of the Company of the age mentioned, must be discharged forthwith, and must either cease hereafter to be connected with that monopoly or take the due course of law. The letter is addressed to "John Cameron, Esq., Superintendent of Mines of the C. I. Co., Johnstown, Pa," and evidently means business.

—A crazy tramp named Hughes, who has been an inmate of our county jail for a couple or three months past, succeeded on Wednesday evening last in freeing himself from his handcuffs, and then broke the heavy chain which confied him to the floor, whereupon Sheriff Ryan, with a lantern in one hand and a stout club in the other, entered his cell, followed by several other parties, for the purpose of securing him, when the madman knocked the lantern out of his hand and shattered it to pieces on the floor. Then encircling the Sheriff in his stalwart arms, he proceeded to "chaw" him up, inflicting a very ugly wound on his left cheek, and had it not been for the interposition of Deputy Sheriff McAnany, of Cambria borough, who happened to be present at the time, the probabilities are that Hughes would have made a full meal off the Sheriff's face, if indeed he had not killed him outright. The madman was finally subdued and once more handcuffed and chained to the floor, after which Mr. Ryan repaired to Dr. Lemmon's office and had his wounds dressed.

DEMOCRATIC MEETING.—In conformity with announcement made a few hours previous, Gen. A. H. Coffroth, the standard-bearer of the Democratic forces of this Congressional district, spoke in the Court House on Tuesday evening last, to an audience which was limited alone by the size of the room. Hon. John Flanagan, of Johnstown, presided, assisted by the usual number of Vice Presidents and Secretaries. On this occasion, many of our people first saw Gen. Coffroth, and listened to the sound and sensible political doctrines which fell from his lips, and we hesitate not to say that the remembrance of his looks and language will linger in the minds of many long after the Congressional contest has been fought and won. We do not propose to attempt even a synopsis of the address, for the all-sufficient reason that a synopsis of the facts and figures which entered into the composition of his speech would require columns of our paper to embody; yet it was the testimohy of all who listened to it that it was an unanswerable argument in favor of Democratic principles.

A story found its way into print, through malice or from some other motive, to the effect that Gen. Coffroth had disposed of a cadetship for a valuable consideration in the year 1864. This charge was met and effectually disposed of by the General in these words: "I say to you, my fellow citizens, and call God to witness, that the man who mentions my name in such a connection is a falsifier, and the truth is not in him." Words like these will do to rally round. The General proposes to speak to the people of the county at prominent points on several occasions between now and the day of election. We will make the announcement in the FREEMAN at some future time.

The effort of Mr. Coffroth was preceded by a brief but brilliant speech from Jos. McDonald, Esq., Chairman of the Democratic County Committee, who has few equals and less superiors as an orator, and was followed by a dashing and spirited address from F. P. Tierney, Esq., who knows how to express himself in terms not to be misunderstood. Other speakers were called for, but failing to present, the meeting adjourned about half-past 9 o'clock.

E-PISTOL-ATORY.—In the issue of this paper one week old, a little game of John Ansley's was exposed. It was to the effect that Ansley, in Westmoreland county, had permitted himself to become caught up in some bad practices. He had gone out in the dead of night on frequent occasions and disposed of what was called counterfeit money, and possibly busted a safe or a vault now and then by way of recreation. He had done other things which were reprehensible. It is scarce necessary to mark these criminal practices against him, for the best of men may err. Ansley was safely located in the Cambria county jail, and during the present week was tried before the Court of Oyer and Terminer on a charge of felony. It will be elsewhere found that the jury adjudged him guilty. A lady who represents herself to be the wife of Ansley, and doubtless sustains that enviable relation toward him, paid strict attention to the testimony in the case. After the verdict had been recorded, this lady walked from the Court House to the jail with a Sharp revolver in her hand. The special reason why she carried this revolver in her hand is not known, but the wind-up of the affair was that she delivered it into Ansley's hands, through the prison bars, and he pocketed it and for a season kept it. A bystander saw the transaction and the Sheriff was notified. The subsequent proceedings were unimportant, Ansley will go to the Western Penitentiary, and the lady will doubtless go West. She was once in the employ of the circus owned and controlled by W. W. Cole. It was a good circus.

A CARD THAT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF.—Mr. Jacob Trefts, of Johnstown, chairman of the National Greenback-Labor Committee of Cambria county, being in town this week, and having been apprised of certain reports in circulation in this locality affecting his fealty and integrity as the official head of the party with which he is identified, has handed us the following card for publication. It needs no comment, as it fully explains itself:

To the Voters of Cambria County: Having learned while in this place, that a rumor prevails that I am under personal obligations to Col. J. M. Campbell, the Republican candidate for Congress in this district, or some of his friends, and that it is my intention to sell out, as they please to term it, not only my own vote, but so far as in my power the vote of the party I represent, this is to affirm that I am under no obligations, political, financial, or otherwise, to Mr. Campbell or any other living man, and that I propose to act and vote for the best interests of the party I have the honor to represent.

JACOB TREFTS,
Chairman National Greenback-Labor Committee.
Ebensburg, Sept. 2, 1878.

COURT PROCEEDINGS.—Monday morning at 11 o'clock Court convened, with Judge Dean presiding and Associates Flanagan and Thomas on the bench. The Grand Jury was summoned and sworn, ex-Sheriff Baumer being selected as foreman, after which the list of attorneys was called for the purpose of hearing motions, petitions, etc.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

A large number of applications for naturalization was heard and granted, and in the meantime, while these were being sworn by Judge Thomas in the Prothonotary's Office, the case of the Commonwealth vs. William Wizerman and Henry Hertzinger, charged with larceny and receiving stolen goods, was taken up. After trial the defendants were found guilty in manner and form as indicted.

Com'th vs. Daniel Allen—same charge—larceny, etc. Jury return a verdict of guilty.

In the following cases *nolle prosequies* were entered by District Attorney Rose, on leave of Court: Charles M'Creight, assault and surety of the peace; Philip Rynard, obtaining goods under false pretence; C. G. Campbell, fornication and bastardy; Joseph Orris, assault and battery with intent to kill; John Hannan, embezzlement; John Ling, fornication and bastardy; Charles Boyle, selling liquor on Sunday: Thomas Coyle, assault and battery, with intent to kill; Sebastian Graff, assault and battery; Thomas T. Williams, malicious mischief; Mary Saeger, assault and battery; John Edward Cute, seduction.

TUESDAY'S SESSION.

On motion of F. A. Shoemaker, Esq., Ed. Zimmerman, Esq., was sworn in as an attorney of the court, the committee having reported him well qualified, etc.

Com'th vs. John Ansley, indictment entering a house with intent to commit a felony. The defendant in this case, it will be remembered, was arrested about a year ago for entering, in company with three or four others, the dwelling house of Mrs. Jane Rowland, in Blacklick township, and instituting a search for money, as it was supposed. During the trial the fact was developed that Ansley, the assumed name of defendant, was but an *alias* for Porter Worrell, his proper name. It was proven that he represented himself as an "agent for the government," in quest of counterfeit money, and under this pretence proceeded to search the bureau drawers in Mrs. Rowland's residence. An alarm was given and pursuit followed, the result being the arrest of Ansley, who gave bail and subsequently allowed his recognizance to be forfeited, though afterwards arrested at the instance of his bondsman. Jury find defendant guilty in manner and form, etc. Not yet sentenced.

Com'th vs. Jacob Murphy—larceny. Jury find defendant not guilty.

Com'th vs. John Kohler and John Glichauff—assault and battery. These defendants were charged with assaulting the watchman at the wire mill, in Conemaugh borough, and badly abusing him. Guilty in manner and form as indicted, and sentenced to pay fine of $10 each and costs, and to undergo three months' imprisonment in the county jail. The Court promised the young bloods in this case that if they came back he would give them the full benefit of the law.

Com'th vs. Michael Quinn—embezzlement; two indictments. Recognizance forfeited in both instances.

Com'th vs. Charles Boucher and William Broderick—rape; Hulda Lape prosecutor. Jury find defendants not guilty.

WEDNESDAY'S SESSION.

Com'th vs. John Alwine and John Glihauff—resisting an officer and assault and batter. Defendants plead guilty. Sentence, $20 fine each, costs of prosecution conjointly, and ninety days in county jail.

Com'th vs. Frank T. M'Cormick—attempting to obtain goods under false pretenses. Defendant not appearing, his recognizance was forfeited.

Com'th vs. Wm. Huff—assault and battery. Pleads guilty; $5 fine, costs and thirty days in jail.

Com'th vs. James Larimer—same charge and same plea. $10 fine, costs, and thirty days in jail.

Com'th vs. Sarah Ann Myers—larceny and receiving stolen goods. Pleads guilty: $20 fine, costs, and thirty days in jail.

Com'th vs. James Keating—aggravated assault and battery and assault and battery. Jury find defendant guilty as in manner and form indicted. Not yet sentenced.

Com'th vs. Edward Rodgers—assault and battery. Pleads guilty; $10 fine, costs, and thirty days in jail.

Com'th vs. Charles Work—larceny by bailee and larceny; not sentenced.

Com'th vs. Michael Bush—aggravated assault and battery and assault and battery. Found guilty of the latter charge, the other being *nolle prosequied*, and sentenced to pay $10 fine and costs.

Com'th vs. John Kehoe, Henry Spires and Joseph Burns—resisting an officer and aggravated assault and battery. Kehoe and Spires convicted and sentenced to pay $5 fine each and jointly the costs of prosecution, and go to jail for ten days.

THURSDAY'S SESSION.

Com'th vs. Joseph Stibech—carrying concealed weapons and breaking prison. Pleads guilty, $10 fine, costs, and six months in jail.

Com'th vs. Conrad Boppo—aiding a prisoner to escape. Pleads guily; $5 fine, costs, and twenty days in jail.

Com'th vs. Owen Hughes—stoning a railroad car. Pleads guilty, whereupon, the Court being informed that defendant was insane, Dr. Keim, Alvin Evans and H. Kinkead were appointed to inquire into his lunacy.

Com'th vs. Frederick Rice—attempt to debauch a married woman and attempt to commit fornication. Not a true bill.

Com'th vs. Hudson Oakes—larceny and receiving stolen goods. Not guilty.

Com'th vs. Thomas Barringer, John M. Dunlap and Mrs. Susannah Grumbling—larceny and receiving stolen goods. On trial as we go to press.

THE ROMANCE OF NICODEMUS.—The village of Alexandria, Huntingdon county, is rapidly attaining a notoriety which we venture to say was never dreamed of in its philosophy. Only a week or two since a story got into the papers that an astonishing cave, full of nickel and other valuable minerals, had been discovered in that immediate neighborhood, which story was followed shortly after by the unearthing of some of the spoils salted away by Lewis, the robber, a half century ago. Some folks doubted the exactitude of the narrative, and with reason, but here comes in something more wonderful yet. Nicodemus Yocum is the hero, and the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, instead of the Pittsburgh *Chronicle*, is the vehicle through which the news reaches us. Huntingdon county at one time enjoyed the proud prominence of owning the prince of newspaporial liars, but that mantle has evidently fallen on other shoulders. At least, what follows would make one think so:

In the year 1817, at Alexandria, Huntingdon county, Pa., lived Nicodemus Yocum, by trade a blacksmith. His wife, whose maiden name was Nancy Brown, had, before marriage, emigrated with her parents from Cape Cod, Mass. While living at Alexandria they had three children. The eldest, in 1813, was named for his father. About 1825 Mr. Yocum emigrated with his wife's people back to Cape Cod. Here Nicodemus, the younger, had grown into manhood, and in the course of time became Captain of a whaling vessel, which cruised for years, with varying success, in the North Pacific ocean. When on a homeward voyage in the year 1841, off the Southern coast of China, he rescued a disabled junk, containing, besides the sailors, five Chinese mandarins of high rank. The helpless vessel was towed into the harbor of Yungao, in the province Quangtung, where Captain Yocum and his American crew were loaded with presents. One of the mandarins could speak French, having learned it from a Catholic missionary on the Island of Pescadore. Several of the American sailors understood the same language, and a happy conversation was engaged in. In due time the whaleship returned to Cape Cod, where Capt. Yocum found that his wife was dead, leaving a two-year-old son, named Jeremiah. One year afterward Capt. Yocum sailed for the China Sea. Entering the mouth of the river Po-Kiang, messages were sent to the rescued mandarins of two years before, and the Yankee ship was permitted to go into the harbor. In return for his father's kindness, Jeremiah was sent to the Royal Preparatory School at the above named city, and at the age of seventeen entered the Imperial College. Here eight years were spent learning the Chinese language. After some time spent as a teacher he made an English translation of Ta ts'ing yih t'ung che, or Geography of the Empire as relates to the Province of Quangtung. Last year he was made a mandarin and was appointed an attache of the Chinese Embassy now visiting this country. During the coming winter it is his intention to visit Alexandria, and hunt up the genealogy of his grandfather's family.

A Few Words, by Your "Dave," about the Big Mammoth Cave, &c.

How the Press Gang and Accompanying Friends, Feminine and Masculine, Went, Saw and Got Away from the Biggest Hole, so far as known, on the American Continent.

An event in the history of the Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia Press Association, long and pleasantly to be remembered by the ladies and gentlemen who participated, was the recent excursion of a goodly number of the members of said Association and their wives, daughters, sweethearts and friends, among the latter of whom were not a few of the masculine persuasion, to the world-renowned Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. The excursion in its inception as well as in all its enjoyable details was the masterwork of Messrs. W. L. Foulk, Sons & Co., of Pittsburgh, the efficient and reliable advertising agents in said city of the Association in question, and so long as the mind reverts with pleasure, as it must while life lasts, to the agreeable incidents and experiences of that memorable trip, so long will the names of Col. W. L. Foulk and his worthy coadjutors be held in grateful remembrance by all who had the pleasure of participating in the excursion which he and they so pleasantly conceived and so admirably conducted. This by way of parenthesis, and now let us refer as briefly as possible to some of the sights seen, courtesies received and pleasures enjoyed during the eight days so delightfully spent in visiting one of the greatest wonders of the world.

Leaving Ebensburg on Monday evening, Aug. 19th, in company with Editor James and Mr. F. H. Barker, we succeeded at Cresson in "scooping in" another of our townsmen, A. V. Barker, Esq., whom we captured and took with us *nolens volens* (we believe that is the Latin for it), without affording him an opportunity to say nay or a chance to shi—ft for himself. Reaching Pittsburgh—us four and no more from Cambria's northern shore—we spent the balance of the night and took breakfast—that is, the latter gentleman and ourself, the other two taking a more "Central" position—at the famous Seventh Avenue Hotel, so admirably conducted by Col. Unger and so popular among all who appreciate luxurious accommodations and the most gentlemanly treatment at the lowest possible prices.

Tuesday morning we repaired to the Union Depot, where we soon became part and parcel of a happy throng numbering nearly if not quite two hundred, and ere long we were comfortably seated in one of the seven elegant cars provided for the occasion, in which we had scarcely more than ensconced ourself when the train moved out of the depot and proceeded on its journey over the Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and St. Louis Railway, otherwise known as the "Pan-Handle Route," which outside of our own great and unequaled thoroughfare, the Pa. R. R., has no superior in equipment, management, speed and comfort on the American continent. Stopping by the way at Steubenville, Newark and a few other points along the road to "gather them in"—that is, more of the editors and their ladies—the excursionists reached Columbus, O., between 1 and 2 o'clock, p. m., where a sumptuous dinner awaited them at the Neil House, the finest hotel of the time satisfied the infernal—no, internal—cravings of as hungry set of mortals, we venture to say, as has struck the capital of the Buckeye State for many a day. After an hour spent in disposing of the rich viands and taking a stroll in and about the commodious depot, the cry of "all aboard!" hastily summoned the party back to their comfortable seats in the cars, and the train once more took up its line of march for the city of Porkopolis. Nothing worthy of special mention occurred during the next four hours, the seldom changing kaleidoscope here as elsewhere along the route bringing to view an almost unbroken chain of thrifty corn-stalks, groaning, so to speak, beneath and above the weight of ripening ears. At 6 o'clock or thereabouts the joyfully-ladened train came to a halt in the elegant depot at Cincinnati, from whence, out of pure delight no doubt, the ladies, and the gentlemen too, of course, were "bussed all the way to the Grand Hotel, one of the largest and best furnished hotels to be found anywhere this side of sundown. Here there was some delay in the assignment of rooms and some complaint about the method of serving at table, the reduction in price being made an excuse for poking the victuals under our respective noses and allowing us the privilege of either taking what was offered, or, for all we knew to the contrary, running the risk of getting nothing more congenial to our tastes. Still as the rooms were neat, clean and well furnished, and the victuals "not to be sneezed at," the innovation was generally accepted without much grumbling.

After supper nearly the entire party accepted an invitation, kindly extended, to visit the Highland House on Mt. Adams. This delightful resort was reached from the hotel by street cars and an inclined plane, and when reached a most interesting view of the city by gaslight was the pleasing panorama spread out before us. The Cincinnati Orchestra discoursed sweet music, and all who felt inclined sipped their beer or other beverages (our crowd took lemonade in their'n) and paid for it like other folks. Thus was a few hours very pleasantly passed, after which the party were "inclined" once more, each one of whom paid his stealing engine at the top doing all the work, and thence betook themselves once more to the hotel.

Wednesday morning the excursionists to a man (and woman), each of whom had a tiny scrap of blue ribbon pinned to the lapel of his coat, or, in the case of the ladies, to the place where the lapel of the coat ought to be, gratefully availed themselves of the opportunity afforded, through invitation extended by John Simpkinson, Esq., President of the Cincinnati Zoological Association, to visit the Zoo Zoo and hold friendly intercourse with a goodly throng of Darwin's progenitors and hundreds of other denizens of the forest, sea and air. Here too we were met and welcomed to the freedom of the city in a neat speech by Hon. John Moore, Mayor of Cincinnati, who took occasion to pay a well deserved compliment to the President and Managers of the Zoological Garden, referring among other things, with either pride or sorrow, we didn't know which, to the fact that he is only one John Simpkinson, forgetting, or at least ignoring for the time being, the no less apparent fact that there is one Moore, and he the Mayor, of whom Cincinnati has every reason to be proud. The address of welcome was replied to on behalf of the Press Association by Mr. Chill W. Hazzard, of Monongahela City, whose remarks were as full of warmth and wit as if they had emanated from a less Chill-y source. After the speech making, which it is proper to say was preceded by a stroll, strolling by night-seeing tour through the Garden, a substantial repast was provided for the party by Mr. Simpkinson, who then piloted us to one of the outer gates and bade us a kindly farewell. The excursionists then proceeded by a different line of street cars to the hotel, fully impressed with the conviction that Cincinnati has a Zoological Garden which will now compare favorably and is destined ere long to surpass any similar institution in the United States.

Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 by the clock the excursionists left Cincinnati en route for Louisville by special train on the C. & L. Short Line, reaching the latter city without experiencing any unusual sensations, or seeing any noteworthy sights, about 6:30 the same day. Here the 'bussing business was repeated, and in due time the Galt House opened its massive doors to give us a cordial welcome. Here too we were speedily brought in contact with true Southern hospitality, and here also we personally had the pleasure of meeting and eventually visiting the worthy family of our warm personal friend and patron, Mr. Peter McTamany, a former citizen of Altoona, who was born and reared in Washington township, this county, but for several years past has made his home in Louisville, where, as here on the Pa. R. R., he is employed as a locomotive engineer. But we digress. At the Galt House we found a sumptuous supper awaiting us, to which we were welcomed by the Louisville Press Club and many other celebrities, among whom may be named Hon. Henry Watterson, the comparatively youthful though world-renowned editor of the *Courier-Journal*, and worthy successor of the gifted and lamented Geo. D. Prentice; Hon. John Watts Kearny, the brilliant, generous and wealthy son of Gen. Philip Kearny, a brave and reputable officer of the regular army, who died on the battle field of Bull Run, and whose son, the aforesaid John Watts Kearny, we hope to see elected to Congress, for which honor he is an aspirant; Dr. E. E. D. Staniford, President, Mr. Rowland, Superintendent, and C. P. Atmore, Esq., General Ticket and Passenger Agent of the Louisville and Great Southern Railroad, and many other warm-hearted gentlemen of that city whom we shall ever hold in grateful remembrance. On part of those who extended to us such unmistakable evidences of good will, speeches replete with the most kindly and patriotic sentiments were made by Messrs. Watterson, Howlett, the worthy President of the Louisville Press Club, Kearny and others, and were replied to at some length in the most eloquent and telling terms by Mr. Hensey, the genial and amiable junior editor of the Lancaster *Intelligencer*, and more briefly by several other members of the Association, Messrs. Christman and Hazzard, President and Secretary of said Association, meantime performing the duties pertaining to their respective positions with the utmost grace and dignity. Thus pleasantly passed this most delightful banquet, no one failing while it continued to pay their respects to the rich viands, and few except the more temperate among us, in which class, our readers need scarcely be informed, the writer hereof should be reckoned, neglecting to quaff the sparkling champagne so freely and so liberally provided for the occasion. The banquet over, a grand hop was organized in the elegant large parlors and corridors of the hotel, and to the enchanting music of an excellent orchestra a fair sprinkling of the youth and beauty of Louisville commingled in pleasant enjoyment with the youth and beauty of our own more northern clime. Thus passed the time until the "wee sma' hours ayant the e'en," when all retired to snooze and dream of the pleasures and wonders still in store for us.

Eight o'clock Thursday morning found our party seated in the most luxurious parlor and sleeping cars, furnished through the considerate courtesy of Dr. Staniford, and with their faces turned once more in the direction of Cave City, which, by the way, comes as near being a city in anything but name as the writer hereof thinks he comes to being a fool on general principles, his office-seeking experience to the contrary notwithstanding. But enough of that. The trip from Louisville to Cave City, a distance of 85 miles, was one of the fleetest and certainly one of the most festive experienced during the entire excursion. Dr. Staniford, President of the road, accompanied the excursionists in his own elegant private car, as did also a plentiful supply of champagne, provided by that gentleman's unremitting bounty and furnished to all who wished to indulge. About noon Cave City was reached, and then came the "tug of war." There were still eight or ten miles between us and the objective point, and this distance had to be traveled over the roughest kind of a road, and by most of the party in the roughest kind of vehicles. Still there was lots of fun and a good deal of bump on the way, and we are prepared to affirm that Ebensburg's representatives came in for the lion's share of both—especially the lyin', which was done for the most part by neighbor James, of the *Herald*, assisted by a gentleman whom we dubbed "Zaney," principally perhaps, and only perhaps, because he was from Zanesville. Our driver's name, it is proper to remark, was Turner (no relation to Bessie), and the way he answered all questions and put his fiery steeds through at the rate of a mile and a half in less than an hour and a half was a caution to the natives. Still we didn't complain, nor don't complain, for while life lasts we shall ever hold in happy memory the name of ——— Turner, the man who displayed the champagne so liberally supplied on the cars by furnishing us with an abundance of real pain during the six or eight hours spent in his company while going to and returning from the Mammoth Cave.

Time came and moves, and even Turner's wagon moves with it, and at long and at last we reach the Mecca of our hopes and ambitions, only to find that while there were plenty of holes to poke our heads in, including of course the big hole in the ground

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

A SMALL quantity of turpentine added to stove blacking will make the stove easier to polish.

IF HORSES are rubbed, morning and noon, with a handful of smart weed, the flies will not trouble them in the least through the day.

A PEOPLE generally will be glad to know that charcoal has been discovered to be a sure cure for burns. By laying a small piece of cold charcoal on the burn the pain subsides immediately. By leaving the charcoal on for an hour the wound is healed, as has been demonstrated on several occasions.

VIENNA CHOCOLATE.—Mix three tablespoonsful of grated chocolate to a paste with a little water. Let no lump remain. Put in a chocolate pot one pint of new milk and one pint of cream or a quart of milk, and set it into a kettle of boiling water. Have ready the well beaten whites of two eggs. When the milk or cream is boiling hot stir in the chocolate paste; let it boil two or three minutes, stirring constantly. Then stir in the white of eggs and serve hot.

GREEN TOMATO PRESERVES.—Eight pounds small green tomatoes (pierce each with a fork), seven pounds sugar, the juice of four lemons, ginger and mace mixed, one ounce. Heat all together slowly, and boil until the fruit is clear. Take it from the kettle in a perforated skimmer, and spread upon dishes to cool. Boil the syrup until thick, put the tomatoes in your jars and pour it over them hot. Keep in a cool, dry place. These are particularly nice, and taste much like foreign preserves.

A CORRESPONDENT of an exchange paper states that he fed his horses skimmed milk and that he has known cases where it was of great benefit and was an economy. He says that a pail of it three times a day will keep a work horse in better condition than will four quarts of oats. Of course this sort of ration would render less water necessary. Three pails of ten quarts each would give twenty-four quarts of water, as milk has of solid matter 20 per cent. only (one fifth), and 80 per cent. (four-fifths) of water. So thirty quarts of milk would give the twenty-four quarts of water.—*Kentucky Live Stock Record.*

THE use of chloride of potassium is recommended in Germany as a means of increasing the growth of wool in sheep. The fact of the "yolk" of sheep containing a large proportion of this chemical led some German chemists to make experiments with a view of proving whether the supply of this material would promote the growth of wool; and the result has proved that, by administering chloride of potassium in the proportion of one part of chloride to nine parts of salt, the production of wool may be increased and its quality improved, while the general health of the animals is at the same time benefitted. Experiments are being made in order to ascertain the proper quantities to administer.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

THE COMPLEXION.—It will no doubt be of great interest to many ladies to know that "magnesia," (an article used by many as a toilet powder in the firm belief that it is harmless) is pronounced by chemists to be very injurious to the skin. Used for any length of time it dries the cuticle, and causes the face to become rough and scaly. For the benefit of those who many have been induced to use magnesia we append the following simple but efficacious remedy: One ounce glycerine, one-half ounce cologne spirits, six and one-half ounces orange flower water. Apply to the face morning and night. As a toilet powder is almost a necessity, and as many of the preperations in the market contain magnesia, as well as other injurious ingredients, ladies would do well to apply the following simple and convincing test before using. To a teaspoonful of the ...ected powder add the juice of a ... mix slightly, and if effervesOnsues the powder is dangerous, ... its use should be avoided, as it will ultimately injure the skin, and destroy the beauty of the complexion.

USEFUL HINTS.—Keep fresh lard in tin vessels.

Keep yeast in wood or glass.

Keep preserves and jellies in glass.

Keep salt in a dry place.

Keep vinegar in wood or glass.

Keep meat or flour in a cool, dry place.

Sugar is an admirable ingredient in curing meat and fish.

Lard for pastry should be used hard, as it can be cut with a knife. It should be cut through the flour, not rubbed.

Crusts and pieces of bread should be kept in an earthen jar, closely covered in a dry, cool place.

In boiling meat for soup, use cold water to extract the juices. If the meat is wanted for itself alone plunge in boiling water at once.

Broil steak without salting. Salt draws the juices in cooking. It is desirable to keep these in if possible. Cook over a hot fire, turning frequently, searing on both sides. Place on a platter, salt and pepper to taste.

To prevent meat from scorching during roasting, place a basin of water in the oven. The steam generated prevents scorching and makes the meat cook better.

Beef having a tendency to be tough can be made very palatable by stewing gently for two hours with pepper and salt, taking out about a pint of the liquor when half done and letting the rest boil into the meat. Brown the meat in the pot. After taking up make a gravy of the pint of liquor saved.

You can get a bottle or barrel of oil out of any carpet or woolen stuff be applying dry buckwheat plentifully and faithfully. Never put water to such a grease spot or liquid of any kind.

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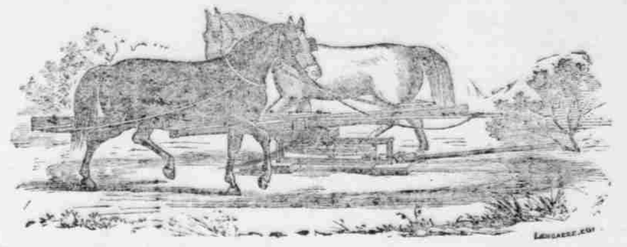

[The above Cut represents a Two Horse Sweep, with Iron Frame, very simple in its construction and durable. It is a Tumbling Bar Power and has an Iron Jack.]

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WM. H. SECHLER, *Attorney at Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonade Row, (recently occupied by Wm. Kittell, Esq.,) Centre street. [1-21-76.-tf.]

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COOKING BY THE SUN.—A very old friend in a new dress appears at the Paris Exposition in the form of an apparatus for cooking, in which neither gas, coal, wood, nor other fuel, and not even electricity, is employed for the purpose. The only agency used is the heat of the sun, the solar rays being concentrated by means of condensers, reflected by means of radiators until sufficient heat is engendered to boil an egg, and even to cook a small loaf or piece of meat. The idea of thus utilizing the solar rays is as old as the sun itself, but it has not hitherto been brought to such practical perfection as to place this source of heat within reach of the public at large. Whether the story of the destruction by Archimedes of the Roman fleet anchored in the harbor of Syracuse by means of the heat reflected from a number of mirrors be true or false, the very fact of the story having been circulated is proof of the existence of a desire to make use of such method of focussing the heat of the sun's rays on any particular object. Only a few years ago the proposal was revived by a Frenchman, who offered his government a plan for destroying an enemy's fleet by means of burning mirrors at a distance of a mile. These are instances of the destructive efforts of man's genius. Less ambitious, but more useful, have been the attempts of Professor Ericssen to drive a steam engine by vapor produced entirely by concentration of the sun's rays on a boiler of water; and now there is exposed to view at the Paris Exhibition an apparatus for cooking by the same agency. Experiments on a small scale have been made with perfect success, but the duration of sunshine even in *la belle* France is so uncertain as to prevent the hopes of any practical benefit being derived from the clever invention. In England, where a week of unclouded sunshine is an unheard-of phenomenon, the apparatus would be still more useless. But in tropical England, in those portions of the British empire which lie under the equator, in the West Indies, in Fiji, in India, in parts of Australia, and in Africa, the intense heat of the sun's perpendicular rays might be turned to practical account as a substitute for the undesirable consumption of fuel, adding its heat and smoke to the overladen atmosphere.

THE WEED NUISANCE.—Weeds will assert their rights whenever there is a chance, and if not checked will monopolize the entire farm. Cultivation, in a general sense, is the best exterminator. But weeds should not be removed and thrown away—burnt in piles as farmers do; they should be made a source of profit, or at least to pay for their "grub," by adding them to the manure heap. Some may say that the seed of the weeds retain their vitality in the manure, and when the manure is spread on the earth, these weeds may grow and give us a word of trouble. We have heard this objection over and over again; and many either burn their weeds or cart them to some waste hole for fear of this. On the other hand, we like to see the manure heap cared for. It is a sign of a strong arm and a vigorous intellect at the head of affairs. And, even at the risk of encouraging weed seeds once in a while, we would rather preach the doctrine of throwing everything into one common receptacle for all vegetable and animal refuse, than aid in the waste of good material which we so often see.

Even where there is likely to be much objection from weed seeds in a manure heap, provided the vegetable refuse is likely to be valuable, the seeds may be destroyed by composting. The warmth of the decaying mass causes the seeds to sprout; and if the whole mass is turned over once or twice, so as to give air enough to all the seeds in time to germinate, all the objectionable matter may be destroyed. We fear far more from ugly roots of vile creeping weeds in the manure-heap than we do from bad seeds; but even these may be pretty badly worried by a stirring over of a mass a time or two before using. But this requires labor, and how much labor can be made profitable will always be a question before the saving of waste material, however valuable in the abstract it may be.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

HOW TO BE SUCCESSFUL IN DAIRYING.—What we wish to impress upon the minds of all dairymen is that under all circumstances, the only chance of profit in a dairy must be from liberal feeding, to produce a uniform and abundant flow of milk, and when a dairyman makes up his mind that he cannot afford to feed liberally, he had better sell his cows at once, and get out of a losing business. We know a man with twenty cows, who watches the condition of the pasture, and the thrift and the yield of his cows, and adds extra feed in barn, at once, on any appearance of falling off in milk; and the consequence is that his animal yield of milk is fifty per cent. more than many of his neighbors, while the cost for the extra food is not one-third what he receives from the extra yield for the season. Do not be afraid to trust your cows with a few quarts of grain per day. They will pay for it every night.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

THE London *Farmer* has the following: "A capital plan of protecting horses and cattle from the tormenting attacks of flies in hot weather is to wash their coats in the morning with a decoction of walnut leaves, the peculiar smell of which effectually keeps the would-be marauders at a distance. The decoction is said to have the further power of destroying any eggs that may have been already deposited in the skin."

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Nov. 19, 1875.-tf. A. W. BUCK, Cashier.

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Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essences of all kind, pure Spices, Blank Books, Pocket and Pass Books, Stationery, Writing Fluid, Black and Red Inks, Pens, Pencils and Pen Holders, Bibles, Prayer Books, Hymn Books, &c., &c., together with a
FINE STOCK OF JEWELRY,
Tooth, Hair, Shoe, Scrub and Dusting Brushes, Combs of all kind, Tobacco, Cigars, Pipes, Glassware, Lamps, Lamp Chimneys, and hundreds of other articles needless to mention—all of which will be sold at the
Very Lowest Prices for Cash.
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Ebensburg, June 8, 1871.

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Ebensburg, May 11, 1877.-tf.

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April 24, 1878.-tf. JOHN PARKE.

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We do not think it necessary, but we also wish to endorse
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As a gentleman, upright and honorable in all social and business relations.
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☞Thankful for past favors and soliciting a continuance and increase of the same, especially from my numerous friends in Cambria county, I respectfully invite everybody to give me a call and examine my goods and prices before buying elsewhere.
April 24, 1878. Model Grocery, Altoona, Pa.

COME TO THE PEOPLE'S
CHEAP VARIETY STORE.
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The VARIETY STORE is the cheapest you'll find— Choice goods you will get there of every kind; The price of our merchandise suits the hard times, By dealing with us you will save many dimes.
To keep up the prices would be a great crime, Now that the Tobacco gets half per lb. for a dime. From all the large cities our goods we do get; We pay for them there on the instant, cash net. Which enables us lower to sell, do you see? And thus do our prices the hard times agree. All produce we take from Lacey in trade, And thus get our goods without cash to be paid. Come, all pretty girls, sober matrons, and sad; Come, young men and old men—boys high as your knee!
The place we hold forth is at Lacey's old Stand, Where the best kind of bargains the cash can command;
THE PEOPLE'S CHEAP VARIETY STORE is our tail sign,
And all kinds of goods you'll get cheap at the same.
M. J. TEITELBAUM.
Loretto, Cambria Co., Pa., June 4, 1878.-3m.

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The History of Ear-Rings.

JEWELS IN THE EAR WORN SINCE THE EARLIEST AGES—ANCIENT EAR RINGS.

The nothing new under the sun principle applies to the custom of wearing pendants from the lower part of the ears as well as to many other things. It appears to have taken its rise in the earliest times among the nations of the East. The prophet Isaiah reproaches the daughters of Zion with being too lavish in ornaments of this description, and several parts of the Scripture make allusions to the spoil of ear-rings, etc., which was dedicated to the Lord. This trinket, of rings and jewels, appears to have been as much worn by men in those days as by the same sex that now lays almost undisputed claim to them. It would seem that the ornaments had been used for idolatrous purposes previous to this time, since Jacob, in the injunction he gave to his household, commanded them to put away "the strange gods which were in their hand and all the ear rings which were in their ears." These earrings, or jewels, worn by Jacob's household had probably been consecrated to superstitious purposes, and worn as a sort of amulet, for it is known that rings, whether in the ears or nose, were first superstitiously worn in honor of false gods, and probably of the sun, whose circular form they were designed to represent; and, indeed, rings and vessels among the heathen nations oftentimes had the image of the sun, moon, etc, engraved upon them. The Prophet Hosea speaks of the women of Jerusalem as indulging in the lying vanities of rings devoted to the idol deities. The Roman ladies of olden times used ear-rings of pearls and of precious stones, and not unfrequently, like some of the North American Indians, they had three or four of these ornaments pendent to each ear, which, unlike the Indian trinkets of the present day at least, were of immense value. The Moors of Africa were also noted for the use of the same ornaments. Many of the busts of the heathen gods have been found to have ear-rings, or holes pierced in their ears for that purpose. Some investigators of antiquity have considered this to be characteristic of the busts of divinities, but this opinion does not appear to be well founded, as there are many well known statues of mortals which have the ears pierced. The fine bust of Caracalla, in the Villa Borghese, which is affixed to a statue of Hercules, has only the right ear pierced.

LAY A FAINTING PERSON DOWN.—Says a physician in the *Health and Home*: "It is surprising how everybody rushes at a fainting person and strives to raise him up, and especially to keep the head erect. There must be an instinctive apprehension that if a person seized with a fainting or other fit fall into the recumbent position, death is more imminent. I have driven a mile to-day while a lady, fainting, was held upright. I found her pulseless, white, and apparently dying, and I believe if I had delayed ten minutes longer she would have died. I laid her head down on a lower level than her body, and immediately color returned to her lips and cheeks, and she became conscious. To the excited group of friends I said, 'Always remember one fact—namely, fainting is caused by want of blood to the brain; the heart ceases to act with sufficient force to send the usual amount of blood to the brain; and hence the person loses consciousness because the function of the brain ceases. Restore the blood to the brain, and instantly the person recovers. Now, though the blood is propelled to all parts of the body by the action of the heart, yet it is still under the influence of the laws of gravitation. In the erect position the blood ascends to the head against gravitation, and the supply to the brain is diminished, as compared with the recumbent position the heart's pulsation being equal. If, then, you place a person in a sitting position, whose heart has nearly ceased to beat, his brain will fail to receive blood, while, if you lay him down with the head lower than the heart, blood will run into the head by the mere force of gravity, and, in fainting, in sufficient quantity to restore consciousness."

HOW TO CLEAN WALL PAPER.—Take off the dust with a soft cloth. Make a lump of dough with a little flour and water, and rub the wall gently downward, taking the length of the arm at each stroke and in this way go round the room. As the dough becomes dirty cut the solid part off. In the second round commence the strokes a little above where the last one ended, and be very careful not to cross the paper or go up again. Ordinary papers cleaned in this way will look fresh and bright, and almost as good as new. Some papers, however—and these the most expensive ones—will not clean nicely; and in order to be certain whether or not a paper can be cleaned it is best to try it first in some obscure corner, which will not be noticed if the result is unsatisfactory. If there are any broken places in the wall, fill them up with a mixture of equal parts of plaster of Paris and silver sand, made into a paste with a little water. Then cover the place with a little piece of paper like the rest, if it can be had. When the room is newly papered a few yards of the paper should be preserved for repair. If there are any spots of grease on the walls mix some fuller's earth with gall and cold water and spread this on the spot. Pin a little blotting paper over the mixture, and leave it for three or four hours, then brush it off carefully, when in all probability the grease will be removed.